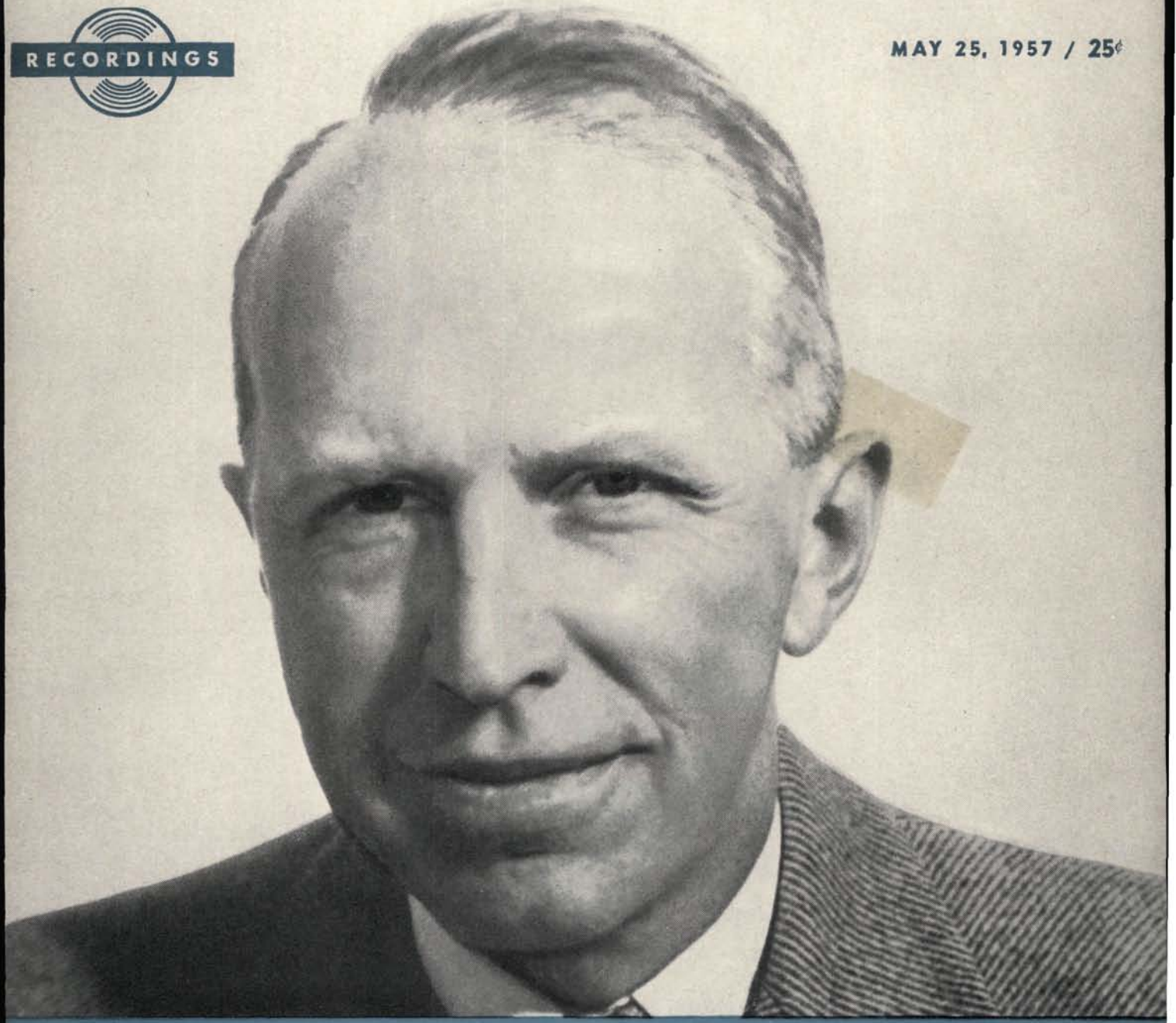
Saturday Review

RECORDINGS

MAY 25, 1957 / 25¢



Conrad Richter, author of "The Lady" (see page 14).

FORUM ON THE SCHWEITZER DECLARATION

W. F. Libby Harrison Brown John Lear

THE YOUNG FRENCH MUSIC

By Andre Hodeir

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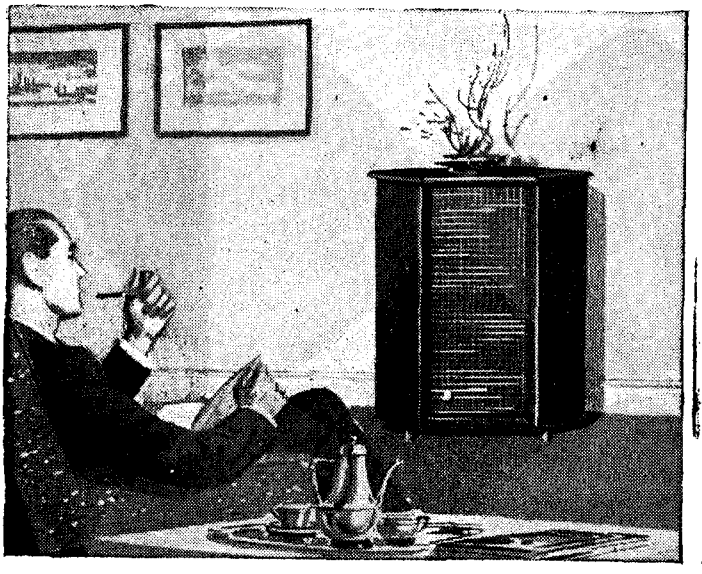

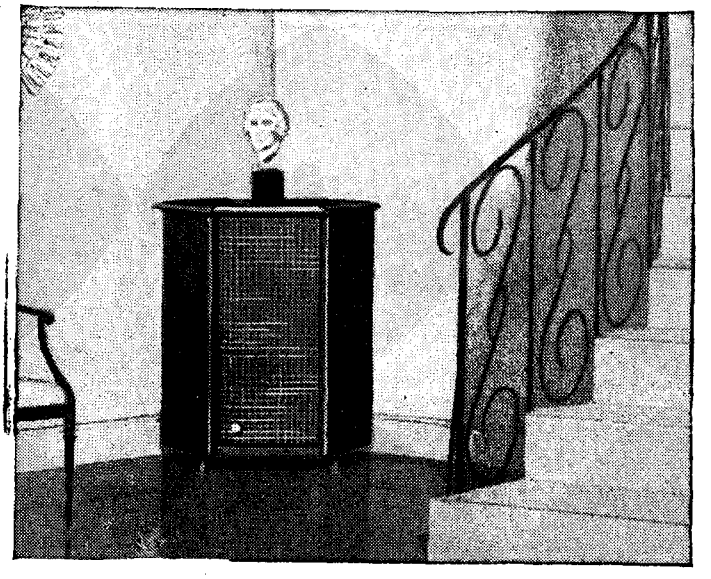

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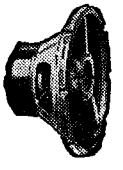

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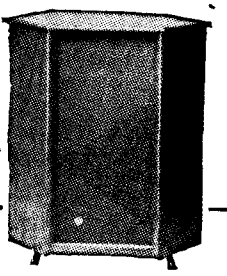

reinforcements and wood-screw clamping. For 12-inch speakers.

Suggested User 300W1 Cherry $69.95
Price (optional) 301W1 Blonde $74.50

301X1 Adapter Panel—converts 12-inch enclosures for use with 8-inch speakers.

Suggested User Price (optional) $2.45

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Editor-at-Large

"Protean" is the word to describe Robert Graves as a novelist. Just when you think you have him safely pigeon-holed in one period or subject, he pops up in another time and place.

Consider some of his novels: He has written about Jesus, a Spanish woman admiral in the Philippines, a Roman Emperor, John Milton's wife, a British soldier in Revolutionary America, Homer's daughter, and the Golden Fleece.

There is little in common among these subjects, and there is nothing in them to prepare the reader for his newest novel, "They Hanged My Saintly Billy."

In this book Graves moves forward to 19th-century England, and, using 20th-century reportorial techniques, retells in fictional form the story of a famed British poisoner.

His book has remarkable parallels with the headline-making Eastbourne poison case of this year. It tells of Dr. William Palmer, a British physician accused of murdering a racetrack crony. Palmer was hanged – unjustly so, Graves feels. He has already started a campaign to have Palmer removed from Madame Tussaud's murderers' gallery.

The novel has all the suspense of a mystery, plus the drama of a sensational trial and wonderful re-creation of the England of 100 years ago.

Come to think of it, "They Hanged My Saintly Billy" does have one thing in common with its predecessors: it is a novel worth reading.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"They Hanged My Saintly Billy" ($3.95), by Robert Graves, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of two other recent books by Graves: "Collected Poems 1955" ($4.50) and "The Crowning Privilege: Collected Essays on Poetry" ($5.00). All of these books may be obtained through your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Bookshops, one of which is located at 1530 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, N. Y.

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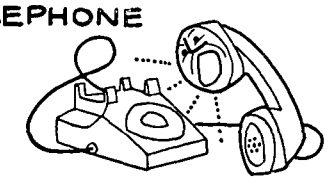

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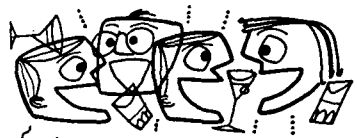
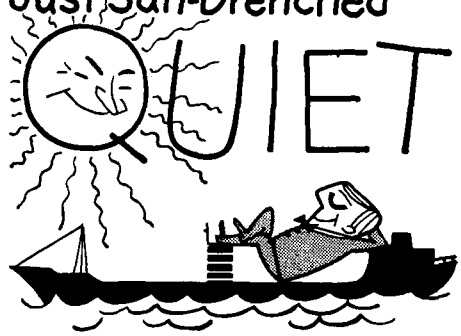


Just Sun-Drenched QUIET



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TRADE Winds

HERE'S THE STORY of an old book. You've read it and had it sitting on your shelf for a couple of years. You're through with it. Finally someone comes along and borrows it on the spur of the moment. He takes it home and never reads it. But he's afraid to return it, because you might ask him how he liked it. Now that it's gone you want it back, for some reason you can't understand, because you didn't want the book when you had it. True to custom, you can't ask him for it. And the guy who borrowed it can't lend it to anyone because it isn't his.

You can avoid this annoying situation by giving your old books away, preferably to the American Merchant Marine Library Association. This is the week AMMLA holds its Annual Book Drive. Starting Monday, May 20, they'll have a big lifeboat in front of the International Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, and folks are asked to bring their old books along and drop them in. Same thing in nine other port cities around the country. This is really a symbolic affair, for the Association collects books all year round which are added to its huge floating library, thousands of volumes in the libraries of virtually all the American flag ships afloat. This has been going on for thirty-seven years, and if you've ever been in the crew of a slow tramp steamer to China you'll know how thrilling it is to walk into a little ship's library and run across a book you can enjoy.

AMMLA receives about a million hard-cover or paperbound books and magazines in a year's time. Some of these are dropped into lifeboats during this week; some are mailed at the cheap book rate our poor Post Office charges; some are picked up by the truck which will call for them if you have too many books to mail and if you live in one of the ten cities where the AMMLA has an office: New York (45 Broadway), Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charlestown, New Orleans, San Pedro, San Francisco, Seattle, Sault Ste. Marie.

Send anything; these sailors are even reading sea stories, I am told by reliable reporters.

CHARLES VAN DOREN showed up at Walter Pitkin's Westport, Connecticut, book-store a couple of weeks ago to autograph copies of the book he co-authored, "Lincoln's Commando." He was driving a beautiful new Mercedes-Benz roadster, red like a fire engine. Seems that on the television show he missed a question which concerned such a car. The manufacturer gave him one so he would know the answer the next time.

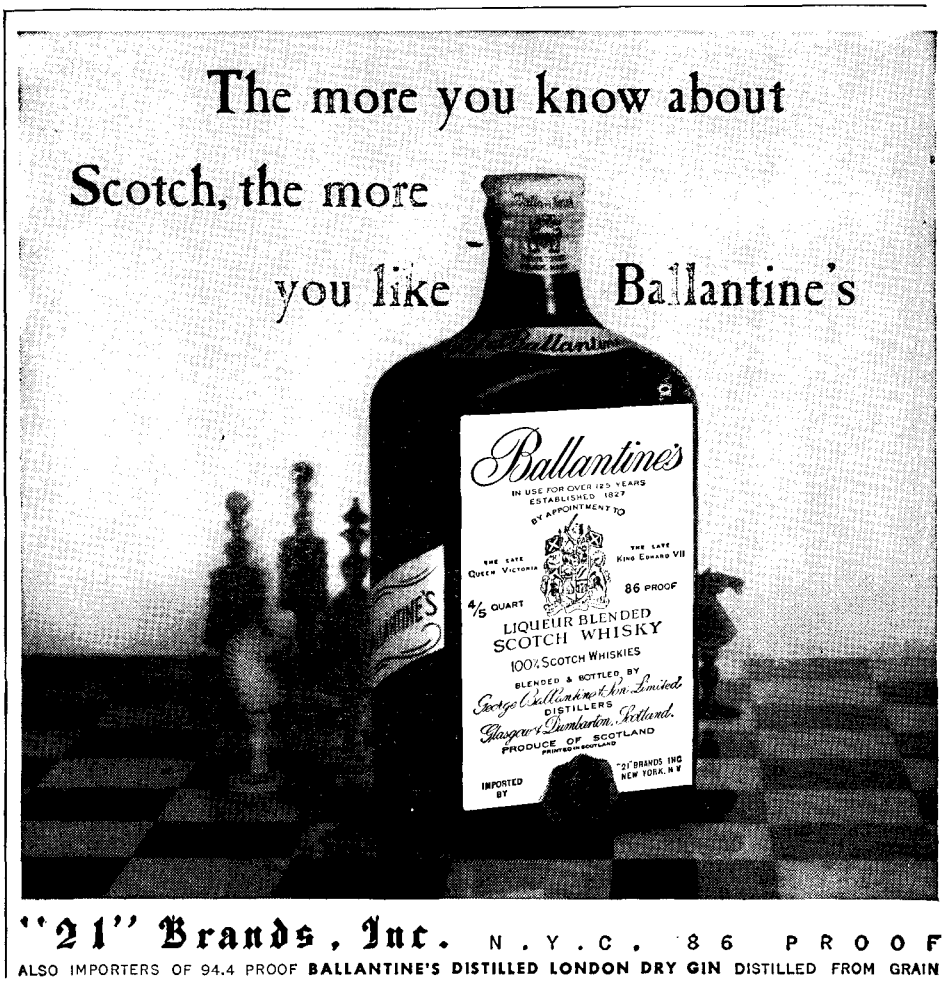
Van Doren's big miss, which put him off the show for good, was the name of the King of Belgium. Naturally the Belgian Government has extended him an invitation to travel to that country and meet the royal family, all expenses paid.

Charlie also appeared in Westport with a girl whom he had just married. Seems that he missed a question concerning—no, no, that was the result of *asking* a question.

JAMES BEASLEY SIMPSON is a good-looking young man who is an expert on quotations. He has just had published a book called "Best Quotes of '54, '55, '56." And he is currently gathering quotes for a 1957 edition. To do his book he figures he read 9,984 newspapers, 1,716 weekly magazines, 288 bi-monthlies, and 1,004 monthly magazines. That's why he is an expert on quotes, having discovered ones like this one from the proprietor of a telescope in Times Square:

> They look at the moon and they expect to see people walking around on it. Or they look at Mars —gosh, I hate Mars! It's so overrated. Everyone has heard about the canals on Mars, and they feel cheated when they don't see the canals. I try to explain that only one man ever saw those canals, one time over in Italy where the air is clear, not like here with bus fumes. I try to explain how wonderful it is to see the Moon and Mars, so many millions of miles closer than they appear to the naked eye. But still they complain that it's just a dirty old ball with markings on it.

Jim Simpson has been so good at quotations that he once thought up the idea of supplying the answers to the guest panelists on a show called "Who Said That?" Of course, he didn't know the answers. All he did was use his knowledge of past performances of the show and read the papers, and then for $20 offer to the panelist a sheet of paper on which were written the week's most likely quotes. It worked, too. One actress-customer did so well that the next day a re-



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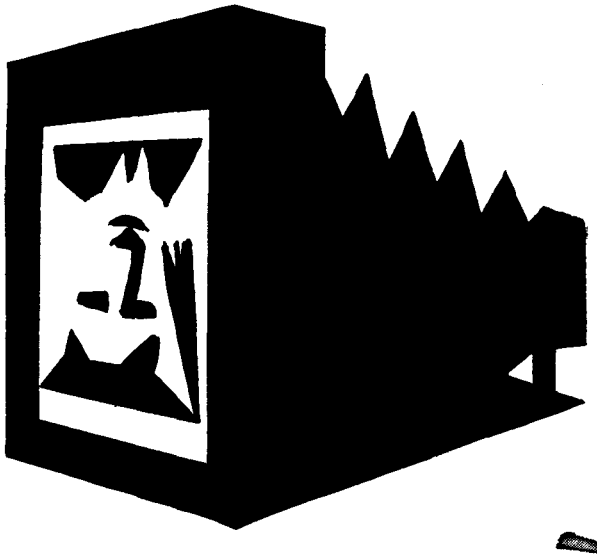
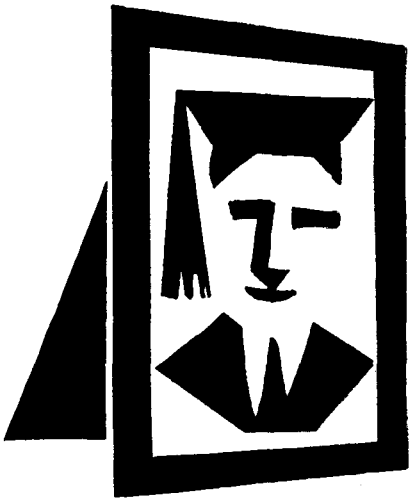


Focussing on graduation? An Olivetti portable makes a handsome, welcome gift. It reduces the effort of writing, frees energies for thinking, helps ambitious graduates get ahead. The Olivetti Lettera 22, the portable portable, provides all the important big-typewriter features, yet is remarkably light and slim. $88 plus tax.



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The Olivetti Studio 44 is a larger portable, with the feel and features of a standard, plus Olivetti's customary special features. $115 plus tax. Both machines come come with smart travel cases. For names of dealers near you, write Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

viewer said, "She is not only beautiful but intelligent." Often all four celebrities on "Who Said That?" would be sitting there smugly with Jim Simpson's typed information lying on the desk before them.

He did meet his match. Bob Considine was a panelist-to-be. Jim offered his usual service, and Considine not only turned it down but printed in his column something to the effect that "a guy named Sampson or Simpson is selling answers to 'Who Said That?' for $20 a throw." Simpson remembers this plug with gratitude, for the owner of the show read it and hired Jim as producer. He sold his handy little research service to his former secretary.

THIS GUY WORKED in a bakery and was paid by the loaf to slice bread. He had a regular knife, and was slicing one loaf at a time. Then one day he had an inspiration. What if he bought a longer knife and sliced two loaves at a time? He went to the cutlery shop, grabbed a longer blade, and began to earn twice as much money. Content for a while, the slicer then began to think of doing three at a time. The cutlery shop, alas, was unable to supply a longer knife. But the guy spotted an antique shop with a sword capable of the three-loaf task, and so he went to work, earning three times the money as before.

This pleased him only for a short while, and he began to think of more money. The cutlery and antique shops were unable to help. He kept searching, but no luck. He was about to give up when he passed a butcher shop one day and saw a huge cleaver in the window. The fellow went in, saw that it could cut four loaves of bread, and bought it at a fancy price .

After he left the butcher's he was walking down the street, cleaver under his arm in a package, and he was smiling his best smile. A friend intercepted him and asked, "What are you so happy about? This must have been your lucky day."

"It sure was," said the slicer, "I found a four-loaf cleaver."

THE OTHER DAY Knox Burger, editor at Dell First Editions, 415 Madison Avenue, caught sight of Max Wilkinson, one of our most popular literary agents, working at his desk in the building across the street. Knox, who is on the seventh floor, put up the window and roared across Madison Avenue:

"MAX! MAX!"

The name Max in New York—well, several dozen pedestrians, a cop, and a cab driver looked up, while Burger kept bellowing "Max!" across the canyon. Finally Max Wilkinson looked

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up, opened his window and bawled, "What?"

Burger shouted, "We're going to buy that book!" and Wilkinson said mildly, "That's nice. Okay." He closed his window and went back to work.

I GUESS EVERYONE KNOWS what *etaoin shrdlu* is. When the typesetter makes a mistake and wants to start the line over again, he has to fill the old line up first, so he runs his finger down one side of the keyboard, and *etaoin shrdlu* is formed. The composing room is supposed to take out the bad slug, but they often don't, and you read it in print. Gurney Williams, humor editor of *Look* Magazine, always tries to unscramble *etaoin shrdlu*.

Once he saw it as a sign in a butcher's shop: Eat Loin Shrud. But another time he envisioned a country crossroads, the signs indicating the four directions: East Holdruin; South Ilander: North Lauside: Shultine Road. Where else can he go?

"THE PIG, THOUGH OMNIVOROUS, will not eat orange peel." Upon reading this informative advice at the bottom of a newspaper column, Catharine Haughey of The Detroit Public Library felt a kinship with that animal which she expressed as follows for TRADE WINDS:

Up hog! Up boar! Up sow! Up shoat!
Shut a united porcine throat
Against that monstrous proffered
meal,
That awful offal orange peel!

Cast orange peel before the swine,
His instinct is the same as mine.
Marrons glacés does he eschew
As it has been my wont to do?
And is his palate agonized
By ginger that's been crystallized?
Feels he the tendency to crime
At too much basil, too much thyme?
Must he from the trencher hurry
If food is served that's laced with
curry?
And does it fail to make him merry
To learn that soup is in the sherry?
O, may provender forthright be
For nonpatrician pigs and me!

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1208)

E. B. WHITE:
LETTER FROM THE EAST

The United Nations Emergency Force (it now numbers about two thousand) is the true dawn patrol, and these Scandinavian riflemen are dawn men. They are the police who are charged with enforcing the laws that do not yet exist.

Helps put more smiles in the day!

This is Dolly Phone, the cuddly rag doll designed by Bil Baird of the famous Baird Marionettes.

There's nothing like the telephone for saving steps and time. But one of the nicest things about it is the way it helps put more smiles in the day.

Friends and families are closer — life is happier — there are more good times for everyone — when pleasant voices go back and forth by telephone.

It doesn't have to be a weighty thing or something extra special. Many a time it's fun to call up just for a friendly chat.

Wouldn't you like to talk to someone right now?

Working together to bring people together ... BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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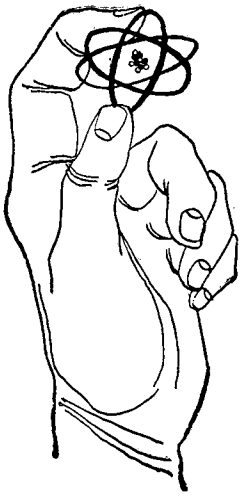
The Saturday Review

MAY 25, 1957

FORUM ON THE SCHWEITZER DECLARATION

Last week The Saturday Review *published the full text of Albert Schweitzer's "Declaration of Conscience," a statement calling for an informed public opinion on one of the most vital questions facing Twentieth-Century Man. A reply to Dr. Schweitzer has been issued by the Atomic Energy Commission over the signature of Dr. Willard F. Libby, one of the members of the Commission, formerly of the Institute for Nuclear Studies, University of Chicago. The editors are glad to furnish equal space and equal prominence to Dr. Libby in the publication of his open letter. The editors also call attention to a counter-reply to Dr. Libby from Dr. Harrison Brown, professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Brown was associated with the plutonium laboratory at Oak Ridge in the Manhattan District Project during the war. Following Professor Brown's commentary is an analysis by John Lear,* SR's *Science Editor. This issue also contains a review of a new book, "Radiation: What It Is and What It Means to You," by Jack Schubert and Ralph Lapp.*



1. An Open Letter to Dr. Schweitzer

By WILLARD F. LIBBY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 25, 1957.

To Dr. Albert Schweitzer,
Lambarene Hospital,
Lambarene, Gabon,
French Equatorial Africa.

Dear Dr. Schweitzer:

I am writing you as a scientist, to present data bearing on a scientific fact: The degree of hazard to humanity from radioactive fallout from nuclear weapons tests.

In the press on April 24, I read your statement from Oslo on the hazards of nuclear weapons testing, and in this way learned of your fears that the present testing program may be dangerous. Since I have spent much time during the past several years in the study of this question, I am taking the liberty of writing you. Also, since your statement was issued to news media and received wide public attention, I am making this letter public in the belief that every possible action should be taken to increase public understanding on the important question of weapons testing.

Your belief in the sanctity of life, and the dedication with which you have devoted your own life and talents to unselfish causes, have made a deep impression on the minds of persons throughout the world. Your concern over the possible effects of nuclear tests is characteristic of the humane and sensitive qualities which you always have displayed, and for which you are justly honored. Along with these qualities, I know you have the intellectual strength and integrity to seek the truth wherever it lies. It is in this spirit that I write you, believing that you will welcome whatever facts I may be able to provide regarding radioactive fallout from weapons testing.

I do not know what data you have utilized in studying this question, but I seriously doubt, from the evidence of your statement, that you have had access to the most recent information. Immediately after reading your statement I sent you a copy of a speech which I gave recently regarding what we know from scientific studies on fallout radiation and its effects. I am enclosing with this letter a copy of a paper which I am presenting on April 26 before the American Physical Society. I hope these documents will be of use to you. They demonstrate that an intensive effort has been made to calculate on theoretical grounds, and to determine from sample collections, the actual levels of radioactivity in the soil, in water, in food products, and in human bodies as a result of weapons tests.

If you have gained the impression that United States official statements do not take into account the possible hazard from internal radiation—and I fear from your statement that you have—I hasten to assure you that this is not the case. Government statements have dealt extensively with this matter. It has likewise been considered at length in a report prepared by scores of eminent scientists for the National Academy of Sciences, and in England by the British Medical Research Council, both reports appearing in June of last year.

Particularly since the summer of 1953 the Atomic Energy Commission has conducted an intensive study of world-wide fallout which has revealed most of the information now available on this subject. These studies have included analysis of soil, plants, foods, and other materials from many parts of the world. The United States Government has furnished this information without reserve to the United Nations Scientific Committee on Atomic Radiation, which was established at the recommendation of the United States and which has studied data provided by other countries.

ALTHOUGH there are some differences in findings of scientists in this country and abroad, there is general

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agreement upon the approximate magnitude of the fallout and the rate at which it is descending from the stratosphere. Perhaps there is less agreement about the magnitude of the physiological effects which can be expected to result from fallout radiation. Nevertheless, it is very generally agreed, among those who have studied the question, that the radiation exposures from fallout are very much smaller than those which would be required to produce observable effects in the population. The U. S. Government agencies have been continuously concerned with maintaining this condition of very small test radiation and have never neglected study and action to reduce it.

I do not mean to say that there is no risk at all. What I should like to demonstrate to you is that the risk is extremely small compared with other risks which persons everywhere take as a normal part of their lives. At the same time, I ask you to weigh this risk against what I believe would be the far greater risk—to freedom-loving people everywhere in the world—of not maintaining our defenses against the totalitarian forces at large in the world until such time as safeguarded disarmament may be achieved. Of course, a workable, safeguarded system of international disarmament is a paramount objective of the United States Government, and one which we must work for and hope and pray will be achieved.

TO GO into more detail on the question of risk from world-wide radioactive fallout, there are two possible hazards. The first is the genetic hazard due to radiation of the reproductive organs by penetrating gamma radiation, and the second is the hazard due to the irradiation of the bones by assimilated strontium-90, taken up largely through food. These two possible hazards should not be confused; there is no reason to fear genetic hazard from strontium-90, since it accumulates in the bones and does not appreciably irradiate the reproductive organs.

In order to understand the degree of these hazards, it is necessary to compare the amount of radiation dosage received from fallout with the amount of radiation dosage normally received by all living things because of the natural radioactivity in the environment. In this way, it is possible to put the hazards from weapons testing into the context of normal human experience.

When this kind of comparison is made, it becomes apparent that we all carry in our bodies, and have in

(*Continued on page* 36)

2. What Is a "Small" Risk?

By HARRISON BROWN

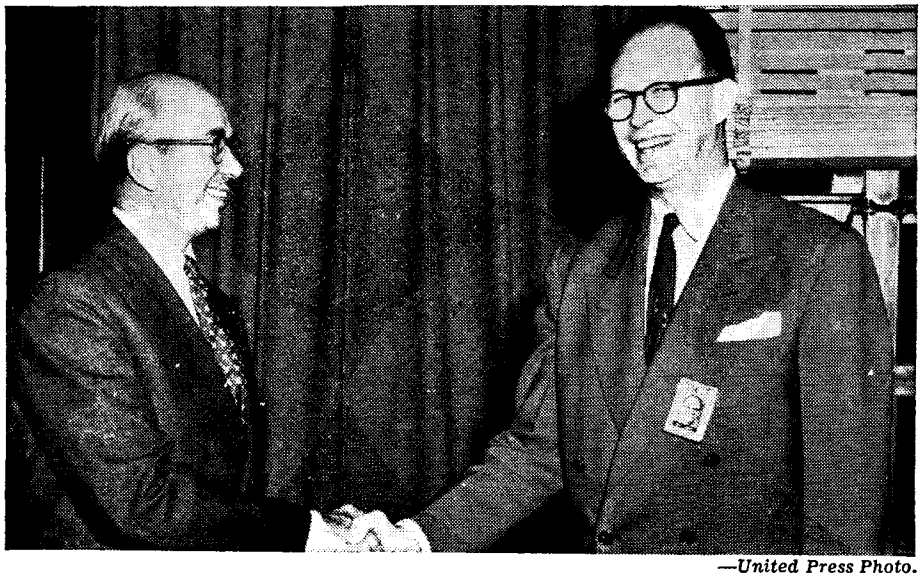
THE Atomic Energy Commission is convinced that continued testing of H-bombs is necessary for the defense of the United States. Upon Dr. Willard Libby's shoulders has fallen the task of assuring the world that continued testing is safe. It has been next to impossible for anyone of any consequence to voice doubts or fears concerning radiation hazards and H-bomb testing without a new letter or article from Dr. Libby quickly appearing, assuring the reader in carefully worded sentences that everything will be all right. Dr. Schweitzer is the latest addition to a long list of distinguished individuals who have received such reassurance.

Dr. Libby's reassurances seem to make sense. He appears to approach the problem objectively. He outlines in simple terms the basic aspects of the problem and the numbers which emerge all seem to be small. His writing expresses both surprise and the deepest of sorrow when individuals refer to the dangers involved in H-bomb testing. He is a reputable and competent scientist who holds a position of respect and authority and who is listened to.

For a long time Dr. Libby contended that there were no dangers of any consequence involved in H-bomb fallout, if we continued testing at the present rate. Recently, however, there has been a change of tone. In his letter to Dr. Schweitzer he admits that there is some risk, although he hastily adds that the risk is "extremely small compared with other risks which persons everywhere take as a normal part of their lives." He then asks Dr. Schweitzer to "weigh this risk against what I believe would be the far greater risk —to freedom-loving people everywhere in the world—of not maintaining our defenses against the totalitarian forces at large in the world. . . ."

Dr. Libby's letter to Dr. Schweitzer begs at least two major questions. Do we really know what the risks are in sufficient detail so that we can be as confident as Dr. Libby appears to be? And what does he mean when he says that the risk is "extremely small"?

IT SEEMS to me that from the beginning Dr. Libby has been so convinced that H-bomb tests must be continued *a priori* he has taken the attitude that the risks are small, even though he has rather clearly not known in detail what those risks are. This attitude, of assuming that the risks are small and then setting out to prove it, seems to me to be the foundation for the approach of the AEC to the entire fallout problem. It is illustrated by an incident which took place when Dr. Libby, upon hearing of my own concern about the fallout problem, asked me to come to Washington to discuss the matter with him. Upon my arrival in his office he leaned back in his chair and said (as nearly as I can remember): "All right, convince me



—United Press Photo.

Lewis Strauss (left) congratulates Dr. Willard Libby upon his appointment to the AEC.

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that it's dangerous." I replied that in view of the nature of the problem it would be far more appropriate if he were to convince me that fallout is safe.

So marked has this conditioning been that a really serious danger involving fallout was overlooked by Dr. Libby, who has scores of scientists working on the problems of fallout. This danger was uncovered by a lone geneticist, Professor E. B. Lewis of the California Institute of Technology, who found that the incidence of leukemia is increased with exposure to low-dosage radiation. If Lewis's results are correct then it appears that the incidence of leukemia will almost certainly be increased appreciably as a result of H-bomb tests.

Briefly, Dr. Lewis, whose study appears this week in *Science*, has found that a substantial fraction of the leukemia which we see about us is induced by the natural radiation which our bodies constantly receive from a diversity of sources and from which we cannot hide—cosmic rays, radioactive elements in rocks, bricks and concrete, radioactive gas in the atmosphere, radioactivity in our bones. He estimates that perhaps 20 per cent of all leukemia cases are produced in this way and that there is no "threshold" of radiation dosage below which leukemia does not appear. Each small bit of radiation which an individual receives increases by a calculable amount the likelihood of his dying of this dread and incurable disease.

Let us now estimate, on the basis of this finding, the possible effect of fallout upon the world-wide incidence of leukemia. Dr. Libby has stated that the present concentration of strontium-90 in children in the United States is "somewhat less than 1 per cent of the maximum permissible concentration for the population." The latter in turn is one-tenth the permissible amount of strontium-90 for atomic energy workers in the United States. If we assume that 20 per cent of all existing leukemia has been induced by radiation, then it can be shown that in the absence of further explosions, the leukemia rate will go up about 0.1 per cent. If testing continues at the present rate for the next few decades, the leukemia rate may increase by about 0.5 per cent. If we were to permit tests at a rate such that doses of strontium-90 were received equal to that which have been declared "safe" for the population as a whole by a committee of the National Academy of Sciences, leukemia incidence might increase 10 per cent.

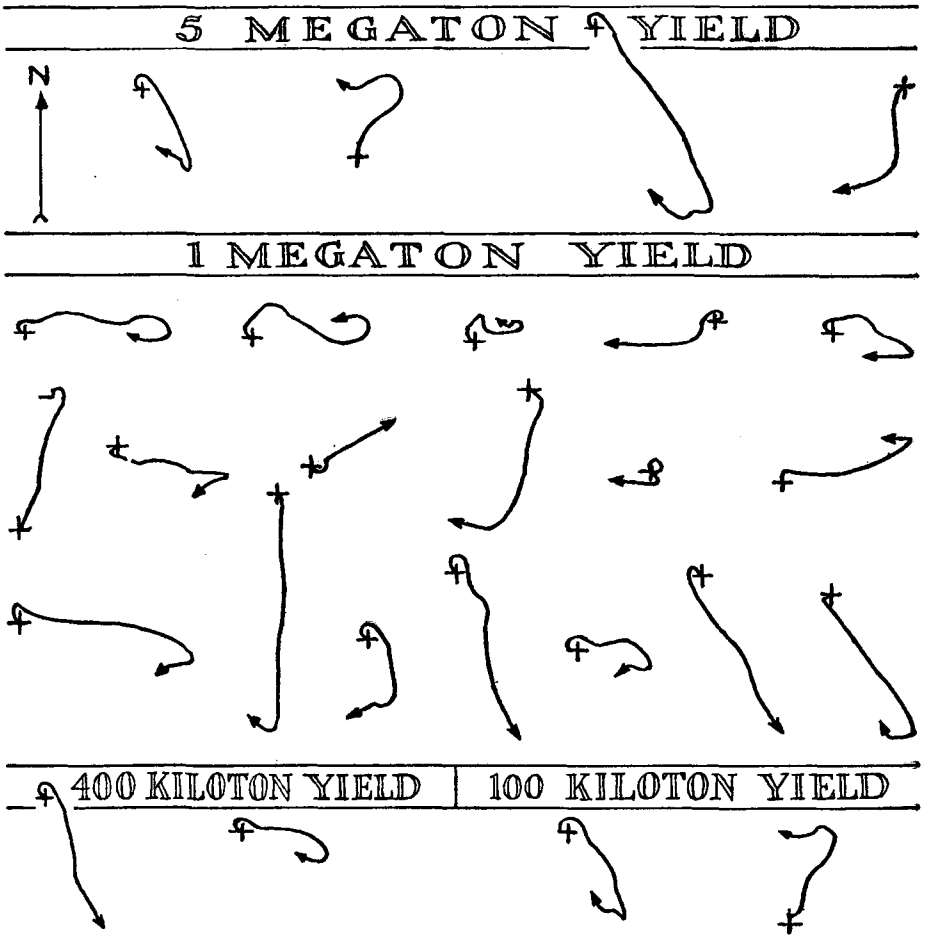
A person who subscribes to the AEC philosophy might phrase the effects of continued testing upon the incidence of leukemia as follows: "This effect is so small that it cannot be detected with certainty in death statistics. Clearly the risk is far less than most other risks which we face as payment for our pleasures, our comfort, or our material progress." Many of us, however, might prefer to phrase the consequences in other terms: "Continued testing at the present rate may well result in the death each year from leukemia of nearly 10,000 persons who would not otherwise have died."

Here we come to the root of the argument concerning H-bomb fallout. What constitutes a large risk? When we say that the leukemia rate is increased by only 0.5 per cent, the number appears small. But when we say that 10,000 *individuals* are killed each year—individuals of all nationalities who work, love, and laugh and who want to live as much as do you and I—the number suddenly seems very large. But we can seldom point to a particular death and say "that death was caused by fallout." In the very nature of fallout, living people are transformed into statistics. Seldom can we say that so-and-so was killed by radiation. Instead we must say that there is a 10 per cent probability that he was killed in this way.

We would not dream of lining thousands of people against a wall and shooting them down in order to test a new machine gun. But this, in effect, is what the U.S., the USSR, and the U.K. do when they test these fantastic new weapons. We do not know *who* the people are who are afflicted, but we know that with little question many people are killed as a result of these actions.

I would like to stress that leukemia is but a single manifestation of danger caused by low-dosage radiation. Are there others? We don't know, but it would be surprising if there were not. And if there are it seems unlikely that the AEC will discover them if they continue to operate within the framework of their present philosophy.

I believe that in this area we must be guided as much by our ignorance as by our knowledge. There is much yet to be learned concerning both the immediate and long-range effects of radiation fallout. And I cannot help feeling that as the testing nations follow their present path, as their actions result indiscriminately in the deaths of persons all over the world, and as they continue to pursue an elusive security, they lose what is perhaps the most important element of true security—their human dignity.



Vagaries of the winds are only one of myriad uncertainties in the calculation of fallout. How complex this one doubtful factor can be is apparent from the above chart of A-bomb debris drift patterns compiled by Rand Corporation, research brain of U. S. Air Force.

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3. The Shrinking Margin

By JOHN LEAR

DR. WILLARD LIBBY tells us we have a choice between two risks (1) the risk of maiming and killing innocent fellow inhabitants of the planet, and (2) the risk of Russian domination as a result of relaxing a posture of effective retaliation against possible attack.

This is not a choice in the exact sense normal to science. The alternatives are not comparable. They do not represent a scrupulous matching of like against like.

Only one of them is really a risk.

The other is a sure thing.

It is possible that the Russians might start a global war if we stopped testing bombs. This is a risk. It could happen. But it might not. We don't know. In order to assume that it would happen, we have to suppose that Moscow would mistake discontinuance of new bomb tests to mean that we had scrapped all our old bombs (of which we now have an enormous number with destructive power so cataclysmic that President Eisenhower himself has denied any practical point in making bigger ones) and hence were defenseless. But it is a risk.

To say, however, that in testing new bombs we run a "small" risk of hurting people is to evade the truth. This is not something that may or may not happen. It is something that *does* happen. No scientist that I know of dissents from this conclusion. Every time we or the Russians or the British or anyone else set off an A-bomb or an H-bomb we doom a number of fellow humans to deformity, sickness, or death.

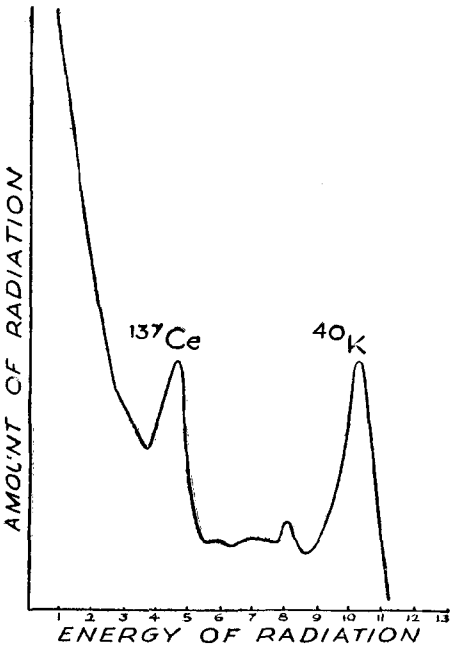
I do not mean that in some hazy future the effects of gamma radiation in atomic fallout will make themselves felt on our distant descendants. (Although that, too, will happen. "Fallout from atomic weapon tests . . . will result in additional mutations in human genes," the AEC's Advisory Committee on Biology and Medicine assures us.) The damage I am discussing is in addition to that and occurs more immediately. It is done to the blood-forming marrow of the bones of now-living people by beta radiation from strontium-90 and its daughter element yttrium-90. Because the activity of bone marrow and bone itself is greater in the early years of life, when growth is rapid, unknowing children are automatically selected as the foremost victims of these silent invaders.

The reality of this pain and suffering from fallout is not open to question. Only its extent is debatable. The Radiation Hazards Committee of the British Atomic Scientists Association estimated in April that one H-bomb test may produce bone cancers in 1,000 people for every million tons of TNT equivalent exploded. Given the AEC's official figure of 50 million tons exploded to date, this could mean 50,000 bone cancers spread all over the world during the next several decades. These figures do not include children whose bones would feel the effect of the fallout even while they were still in their mothers' wombs. To this "educated guess" of the British we must add a factor which they excluded—the scientific exactitude mentioned by Harrison Brown. In last Friday's issue of *Science*, Caltech biologist E. B. Lewis documents a direct linear relation between the degree of radioactivity and the occurrence of leukemia, a fatal disease of the white blood cells. He studied four groups of leukemia victims to establish his point. From them he demonstrates that if the general population were to ingest the amount of strontium-90 which the radiation effects panel of the National Academy of Sciences (working from Atomic Energy Commission data) last June pronounced to be a safe maximum dose, somewhere between 150 and 3,000 more people would die of leukemia each year in the United States alone than are dying of that disease today.

"It is apparent that the atomic dice are loaded," Graham du Shane, editor of *Science*, writes on the lead page of the issue in which the Lewis report appears. His words will echo because his journal is the official voice of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "The percentages are against us and we ought not play unless we must to assure other victories."

This is our real choice. The choice of the loaded dice. This is the way the American government should have put the question to the American people.

Obviously the problem of nuclear testing cannot be considered without reference to Communist Russia. If Russia continues her testing, then the danger of fallout is in direct proportion to the extent of that testing. But the basic point The Saturday Review has been trying to make is that this does not mean that the American people should not be bluntly and fully informed about the meaning of fallout—under whatever flag. If our security requires testing, then we ought to proceed with full knowledge of the risks involved—as well as a proper respect for those risks.



Professor Joseph Rotblat, of the University of London, drew the above graph of radioactivity in his own body for *The New Scientist*. The big bulge on the right is from potassium, a naturally radioactive element of life. The even bigger bulge in the middle is from cesium, a radioactive product of the A-bomb. That middle bulge wouldn't have been there had the graph been made five years ago. It was put there by bomb fallout that reached England.

THIS is the courageous self-confrontation required by scientific discipline. It is unfortunate that Dr. Libby, as the lone representative of science on the AEC, could not have been the one to state the issue objectively. Nevertheless, in these parlous days, when ordinary citizens often doubt the existence of any humanitarian motives among scientists, it is immensely encouraging that the AAAS—torn within itself these past few years over appropriate means to express itself on social problems—should be the agency of plain speaking.

"The meaning of such findings (as those of Lewis) is that any amount of radiation takes its toll of the population and any increase takes a greater toll," Du Shane writes. "The hazard . . . comes not only from weapons testing. As Bentley Glass has recently

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Fallout's Triple Threat

STRONTIUM-90: The long range killer. Its special status arises from the fact that roughly 5 per cent of A-bomb debris is krypton-90, a gas which rises rapidly from the explosion site and floats high in the stratosphere anywhere from four to seven years before returning to earth. Krypton-90 decays quickly into strontium-90, which has a half life of twenty-eight years and then decays in turn into yttrium-90, which has a half life of sixty-five days. Yttrium-90 has the most powerful beta radiation of all three of this family. The result is that strontium-90 and yttrium-90 together bombard the soil, plants, milk, and bones into which they travel along with their close relative, the beneficial element calcium.

CESIUM-137: Has a half life of thirty-three years. It enters muscle as well as milk, so that it can be eaten in meat as well as drunk.

IODINE-131: Well-known inhabitant of the thyroid gland, which governs growth and can also affect mental health.

emphasized, the hazard from nuclear reactors for power production is a greater potential threat than that from atomic weapons."

The *Science* editorial thus calls attention to a potentially pernicious backfire that is masked by the AEC's persistent campaign to minimize fallout casualties. The hazard lies in the probability that, as available facts accumulate, the exposed truth of bomb effects may undermine public confidence in AEC claims for the safety of its peaceful A-power work. No reasonable doubt can now be thrown on that record. It has been maintained by removing 99.999 per cent of strontium-90 from the air of the A-furnaces before permitting that air to leave the furnace stacks. It is vital to assure continuance of these stringent controls as private industry takes over the A-power job. As an AEC sanitary engineer, Joseph A. Lieberman, points out: "It is surprising to observe the past instances in other industries in which such integration was not properly carried out and resulted either in increased costs or problems of environmental contamination."

Responsibility for allowing the facts about fallout to be clouded does not rest on Dr. Libby's shoulders alone. There are others. Some of them have criticized Dr. Warren Weaver, former president of the AAAS and a vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, for his mid-January 1957 appearance before a Senate committee investigating dangerous aspects of the atom. In addressing himself to the question—"Should testing of atomic weapons continue?"—Dr. Weaver testified:

"It all depends on what kinds of considerations impress one. . . . Are you chiefly impressed with a relative number or by an absolute number? ('What impresses you as more significant?' he had asked in a speech at Franklin Institute a few months before—"That 6,000 babies is a good many babies to subject to serious genetic handicap or that 1/5,000 is a very small fraction and . . . a very small relative addition to the 30 million babies that, without fallout, will have serious genetic handicaps?') The relative increase in the risk due to testing of atomic weapons is small. It is very small, and from that point of view a great many honest, sincere, reliable servants of our government have judged it to be negligible and have so stated. I have no criticism of their patriotism when they have said this is a completely negligible effect. I do think that it has been a little unfortunate for them to refer to this as harmless, because it is not harmless."

Dr. Weaver's critics have demanded to know if he didn't think the bomb tests had to go on. Dr. Weaver has been unwilling, from the knowledge at his command, to challenge the judgment of government executives better informed than himself on defense realities. He maintains, however, that whatever decision was made should be made openly with alternate consequences known. He stands on the same ground he occupied at the press conference of the NAS radiation effects panel on June 12, 1956.

"Society pays for this," he had stated then in appraising the damage radiation wreaks upon pattern of heredity. "Society pays very definitely for it. Therefore, we should be sure that what we are paying for we are getting."

On that June day a year ago Dr. Weaver's finely balanced reasoning had been lost in the excitement of press discovery that X-rays were a far greater immediate threat to human health than was bomb fallout. It was not until much later that it began to be realized, as Professor Joseph Rotblat, of the University of London, wrote in *The New Scientist*: "The relief which many felt on this score (the relative smallness of the fallout danger) is something like that of the patient who went to the doctor complaining of a cold in the chest and was told that in addition he suffers from angina pectoris. This 'relief' certainly does not apply to the majority of the world's population who do not have X-ray examinations and who, moreover, live most of the time in the open and thus do not benefit from the considerable shielding which our houses offer us."

Dr. Weaver's words finally did make an impression, however, on the AEC. Early this year a subtle change became apparent in the official line on fallout.

In February Dr. C. W. Shilling, deputy director of AEC's division of biology and medicine, made a speech in which he admitted that "fallout . . . is most complex," that understanding of it entails pursuit of "some ninety different radioactive species, ranging in natural lifetime from fractions of a second to many years," that "ionizing radiation . . . is a fundamental determinant in biologic processes" and "alters cell structure" but is "almost impossible to trace" because "there are 2,000 ionizing events per cubic centimeter of our bodies occurring every second of our lives from natural sources"—events "to which we have obviously made an adjustment" (he neglected to state that the adjustment has been made through millions of years of evolution which have given us bodies with the built-in wisdom to fight off strontium-90 and eject it but not to prevent its invasion entirely). "The game we are playing with Russia is for enormously high stakes and is for keeps," he concluded. "Therefore, we must gamble with the probability of radiation damage to a few individuals in order to secure the survival of the total society."

TO THIS confession of blind betting was appended, on April 10, a frank accounting of how high the bets might go. Dr. C. L. Comar, biomedical research chief at the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, told the American Chemical Society in Miami that strontium-90 wasn't the only fallout threat that ought to be watched. "Cesium-137 and iodine-131 and perhaps others must not be disregarded . . . Cesium-137 is similar to potassium in metabolism and is deposited in milk and muscle tissue (i.e., meat); these foods represent a major route of entry into man

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. . . The behavior of iodine-131 in the human and animal body is well understood (it affects the thyroid gland, which regulates growth); less is known about how it reaches man after dissemination into the atmosphere . . . Since all mankind will be exposed (to fallout) even a low incidence of effects will be important."

By the time Dr. Libby came to write his letter to Dr. Schweitzer, all semblance of the old claim of harmless fallout was gone. "I do not mean to say that there is no risk at all," he writes. But he continues to minimize the problem. A child, he says, is in no greater danger from the fallout which daily rains upon us from the polluted stratosphere than it is from the cosmic-ray bombardment the child would receive in walking from a beach by the side of the sea to the top of a nearby hill a few hundred feet high. With what evidence does he support this statement? There is nothing in the letter. Enclosed with the letter, however, is the text of a talk Dr. Libby gave to the American Physical Society in Washington, D.C. the day after he wrote to Dr. Schweitzer. In that talk Dr. Libby explained his reasoning. It amounted to a series of extrapolations—nothing more positive or definite than that.

The line of his approach begins with the fact that one of the elements loosed by a bomb explosion is krypton-90, a gas which rises rapidly into the stratosphere and floats there. Krypton-90 is radioactive, with a short half-life. It decays into strontium-90, which has a half life of twenty-eight years. Strontium-90 decays in turn into a third radioactive element, yttrium-90, which has a half life of sixty-five days and is the most vicious member of that particular atomic family. Because strontium-90 lives so very long there is always hidden within it a growing amount of yttrium-90. What happens, then, is that the strontium-90 and the yttrium-90 are always firing their respective radioactive bullets simultaneously into the soil, the plants, the milk, and the bone, where they travel together with their almost-twin, the strength-giving element calcium.

Now yttrium-90's beta radiation strikes with a power of 2.2 million electron volts. If something could be found in nature which generates that same power, it might be possible to make an illuminating comparison. Dr. Libby looked around him for a daughter situation comparable to the situation that gives rise to strontium-90's daughter yttrium-90. He looked at the cosmic rays. By the time these mysterious particules from outer space reach the earth, they have spent

(*Continued on page* 35)

4. Your Radiation Diary

MOST authors write their books with no real hope of knowing the impact of their thought. This uncertainty would appear to have been eliminated by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp, authors of **"Radiation: What It Is and What It Means to You"** (Viking, $3.95). All they need to do is sit back and wait for the returns to come in from report cards perforated into the front and back pages of their volume. My guess is they won't have long to wait.

Each of these cards carries the heading. "Your Radiation Diary." Then there are spaces marked for the reader's name, address, sex, and date of birth. Below that are six ruled vertical columns long enough to hold perhaps a score of entries in the following progression across the card: "Name," "Physician," "Location," "Details of Irradiation (specify area of irradiation, shielding, type of treatment, quality of radiation, filter factors)," "Dosage," "Established Dose to Gonads," and "Comments."

I can already hear anguished cries of protest coming in from doctors to whom these cards are presented for the appropriate entries by readers of Messrs. Schubert and Lapp. Radiologists especially do I hear. For many of them consider themselves and their profession unjustly maligned by the National Academy of Sciences report of last June on biological effects of atomic radiation. The report said that the American people are in greater present danger from extravagant use of X-rays than from bomb fallouts.

Messrs. Schubert and Lapp have performed a valuable service. A card like the one inserted in their book was recommended by the NAS atom panel to protect the people. The scientists who proposed it anticipated that it would entail inconveniences for doctors, but they felt the effort would prove worthwhile in the long run. I agree with them entirely. If X-ray operators don't know what they need to in order to fill out a card properly then they should learn. The Schubert-Lapp experiment might even be made into a pilot test of the whole idea of record cards, as suggested recently by Graham DuShane, editor of Science.

"Would the considerable effort required to keep such records for a large part of the population be worthwhile?" DuShane asked on his editorial page, and then answered his own rhetorical question:

"Such records would obviously be of value to anyone who decided to work in an atomic installation. For others, the value is at least debatable, for, at the risk of oversimplification, it may be said that the decision to expose anyone to X-rays is governed primarily by the necessity for diagnosis and treatment, not by the record of previous exposure."

To those whose work keeps them constantly abreast of atomic developments, "Radiation: What It Is and What It Means to You" may not tell anything new. But it is a good pocket encyclopedia of atomic knowledge, covering natural sources of radiation like cosmic rays and the slow disintegration of granitic rocks as well as unnatural threats like strontium-90. Atomic accidents are described, legal questions of the atom age are examined, the fallout question is thoroughly argued, and the future is looked at in both its faces: war and peace.

There is one internal contradiction that must be noted. It probably occurs because the authors are admittedly determined to make people think about the fallout danger. At one point they say that ton for ton the smaller atom bombs deposit more fallout than the more spectacular H-bomb. This is correct. But at another place in the book they advocate an international ban on bomb tests beginning with the H-bombs because H-bombs are the worst troublemakers. It might have been more logical merely to argue for a ban on all atomic explosives.

The chapter on "Safeguards for the Future" would have been more effective, I think, if Schubert and Lapp had not allowed themselves to become involved in assessing the pros and cons of various agencies in the great Washington bureaucracy. They might have alienated fewer people if they had simply presented their big idea—a National Radiation Control Act—leaving argumentation to Congress.

If the "Radiation Diary" gains popular acceptance these carpings of mine will hardly matter. For in that case two writers will have accomplished what the most august body of scientists in America has not been able to do. The atomic effects study by the National Academy of Sciences has for all practical purposes been stopped dead. Popular demand for an atomic report card could revive the push for vital reforms. —J. L.

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Spotlight on Fiction:

"THE LADY"

Author: Conrad Richter

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IN 1928 Conrad Richter, thirty-eight years old and all his novels yet unwritten, moved from Pennsylvania to New Mexico. The Southwest was not wholly new to him; from early boyhood he had heard tales of New Mexico from relatives who had lived there in territorial times. And, having moved two thousand miles away, he did not forget his ancestral country. As a writer he found himself inhabiting both backgrounds and looking back to their vanished past: to the late eighteenth century in the Allegheny frontier and to the late nineteenth century in New Mexico. The two lands, so unlike to the senses, he found alike in their demands upon the people who would possess them and in the opportunity they offered for bold, far-reaching actions.

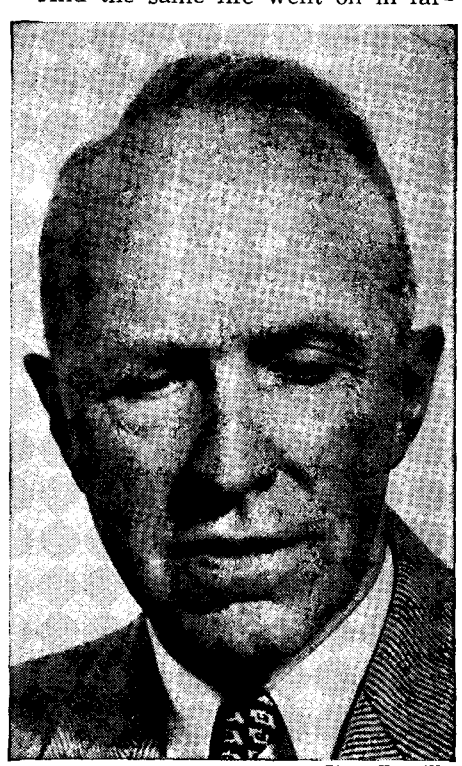
His first volume, "Early Americana" in 1936, was a collection of Southwestern stories in the time of wagon trade and Indian warfare. Using the familiar materials of hide hunters, wagon trains, and besieged trading posts, he wrote as though all these were his discovery. Without heroics or excesses, in a steadily glowing style, he showed dramatic actions growing out of human nature and relationships. Behind the tales lay years of patient and loving research for the authenticities of early life. The effect was an immediacy of experience which but a few Western writers have achieved. The next year came "The Sea of Grass," a lyrical short novel about the passing of the cattle empire in the Staked Plains. It looked as though Conrad Richter had taken the territory for his literary country.

Then in 1940 came "The Trees." This novel, strong as unplowed earth and wild as a bottom thicket, showed him looking back to the upper Ohio valley in the post-Revolutionary generation and recovering frontier experience with an intensity and immediacy that were new to American historical fiction.

"The Trees" is the story of the Luckett family, who followed the forest as some families follow the sea, and especially of Sayward Luckett, the strongest, wisest, and most purposeful of them all. For ten years Conrad Richter carried on her story, in "The Fields" and "The Town," telling of her marriage, her children, and the evolution of the community from a forest clearing to the bustling river city of Americus. Primitive, illiterate Sayward Luckett was taught to write by one of her children, but she had a native power of language. The trilogy is told in her woods idiom, a language as strong and limber as an axe-helve.

To Sayward Luckett in the forest gloom the sweetest sound was the hard whack of the axe, slowly, laboriously, stubbornly bringing the imprisoning forest down. "Oh, it was a strong country out here. The woods died mighty hard. It had slews of work and plenty varmints, beasts, and humans. But they couldn't keep folks from clearing and plowing, hunting and sugaring, visiting and celebrating some public day if they wanted. Life went on much the same out here, she reckoned, like it did back in the Bay State."

And the same life went on in far-off New Mexico—toil and diversion, hope and sorrow, the prolonged struggles of good and evil. But Richter's New Mexico books are not as big as the Ohio novels; they are deliberately smaller in compass and design. In each separate novel of the Ohio trilogy there is a strong, free, natural flow of life. The Southwestern novels are problem stories, tighter, more complicated, less reflective. Yet they are always lyrical, evoking the moods of the land and the commitments of its people.



—*Steve Turville.*

Conrad Richter—"steadily glowing style."

"There is nothing small in the desert," wrote an interpreter of the Southwest, "except the person who enters it without respect." To both his eastern and western frontier settings Conrad Richter brings a chivalrous respect. The great forest and the high plains are the frontiersman's adversaries, and at the same time they are his magnificent birthright. So there is a wilderness mystique which makes Sayward Luckett know that something precious has passed when the axe-thud is forgotten and men are planting trees in the public square that was her father's hard-won clearing. In a foreword to "The Lady" appears a reference to "the beloved territory" —which in the novel is "this raw land . . . this aloof and silent land." The Southwest is a country not easily loved, and so loved the more deeply. In his philosophic essays, "The Mountain on the Desert," Mr. Richter makes this reflection: "I've often asked myself, why do we feel about our Southwestern country as we do? On first being exiled here we may fiercely dislike it. Let us stay awhile and we can scarcely bear to leave it. Away from it, we seldom fail to remember it without longing." It is not to diminish his characters to see that they are inseparable from the land in which they have won their existence.

His new novel "The Lady" (Knopf, $3) is a tale of violence in northern New Mexico in the 1880s. Ellen Sessions, wife of a district judge, daughter of a Mexican mother and an English father, was the mistress of a sheep ranch as big as a kingdom. A magnetic, unpredictable, high-spirited woman, "she was the child of several races, with long lines of conflicting ancestors rising in her from the past for a moment or two before falling back into the rich and ancient blood stream." Through her ranch-house grounds, against her protest, the cattlemen drive a milling herd of steers. The shot that kills a cattle foreman looses a chain of violence which costs Ellen the lives of her brother, her husband and her son. Finally she has no one left but the narrator, a boy distantly related to her dead husband,

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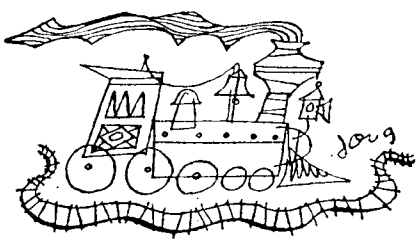
whose loyalty cannot take the place of the men who have always been ready and eager to defend her. At this crisis, with her deliverers all gone, she faces her grasping brother-in-law with pride and scorn undiminished by all that she has lost and suffered.

Less romantic and more subdued than "The Sea of Grass," this short novel is bathed in the light and the legends of territorial New Mexico. Doña Ellen is the only fully developed character, but she is enough. With her vitality, her charm, her sparkling spirit, and her power of endurance she easily dominates this story of malice and retribution.

Yet the novel raises an unanswered question, the question of Ellen's role in the rising wave of violence. Was it she, whose expert marksmanship is significantly demonstrated and whose rifle accompanies her from the ranch to the town house and back again, who fired the first shot through the dust of the milling cattle? The narrator's troubling question is renewed at intervals; it rises up, as the end approaches, when Ellen says, "I hoped it could be done without further bloodshed, but now I see he must be dealt with as the dog he is." Her final victory over Snell Beasley is credible and dramatic, but it does not come from her assertion; it is merely something that happens to them. While events moved toward this climax the boy Jud had been brooding over "the contest between good and evil, or was it between evil and evil?" But after the final violence, when we would expect a weighing of the scales, he appears to have forgot that somber, central question.

In his Southwestern novels Mr. Richter has used a narrator who recalls the passionate story from a later tranquility. That device keeps violence at a distance and allows for reflection upon character and relationships. In "The Lady" acts of bloodshed get less emphasis than the loneliness of a desert graveyard and the vastness of the sagebrush plain. The violence sinks back into an aloof and silent land. From that distance it is not melodrama but a tale of old, unhappy, far-off things, "the most haunting of earlier happenings in the annals of New Mexico."



Imaginative Tales

"The Finest Stories of Sean O'Faolain," by Sean O'Faolain *(Little, Brown. 385 pp. $4.75), is a new collection of some of the outstanding short stories of one of Ireland's leading writers during the past thirty years.*

By Horace Gregory

ONCE upon a time there was a Great Dream called "Irish Literature" in some places and "The Irish Renaissance" in others. The children of the Irish, in America at least, believed the Irish had a thousand years of poetry behind them, which was an inspiring illusion of the first order. Because the Irish were an oppressed people they had a famous "cause"; like gifted poor relations, they were sometimes petted, sometimes hated, and almost always cheerfully patronized. They were good for a laugh or a tear, and the shrewd among them became professional "blarney" Irish who carefully retained an Irish accent, which as time went by, became wilder and more vigorously pronounced each year.

Behind the sentimental nonsense of "being Irish," fighting Irish, or begging Irish as the case may be, a question of more profound meaning affected the Irish writer, the question of "How provincial can you be?" Although the serious Irish writer wrote in English, his affinities, aside from those of an Irish source, were European; they were French or Spanish, or Italian, Scandinavian or Russian, Latin or Greek or German. Some few of these affinities are clear enough in the writings of Yeats, Joyce, and Shaw. All three surmounted the sentimental curse of "being Irish"—and so have, in distinctly different ways, Elizabeth Bowen and Sean O'Faolain.

With the publication of "The Finest Stories of Sean O'Faolain" (a selection covering the writings of thirty years) we also have some of the best short stories of the twentieth century. O'Faolain, though he has written at least eighteen books, may be called "a quiet writer," maturing slowly, guarding, as this book shows, the gifts of his wit and his imagination. This may seem an unfairly un-Romantic interpretation of O'Faolain's book, as though his writings were too tame for general attention, and it may seem untrue to the fact that his writings are never dull. The point is that O'Faolain's stories are written in the classical tradition of Turgenev and Chekhov, which is to say that however "Irish" his characters and their localities may

—*Howard and Joan Coster.*

O'Faolain—"in the classical tradition."

be, the two Russian masters were O'Faolain's affinities, his masters—O'Faolain's way of transcending provincialism, the difficult way of avoiding fake emotionalism and violence. Nor has O'Faolain dropped into another common pitfall of lesser Irish writers—that of writing "poetic prose—" he can be and is eloquent enough, yet the nearly "styleless" style in the prose of his later writings is prose in the sense just as Yeat's later verse "withered into truth."

Therefore O'Faolain's scenes and characters are as Irish as the reader may wish to find them, but his themes are not. His story entitled "Mother Matilda's Book" might have been no more than a charming recital of life among the sisters of Saint John of the Cross, humorously done, for the sisters look "for all the world like geese." But in actuality it is the story of old age. "A Born Genius" might have remained a Cork genre portrait, or rather, a "conversation-piece" of two Irish singers; yet it is the parable of the artist who lacks the character, the toughness to protect his "genius." "Up the Bare Stairs" is concerned with profit and loss in the making of worldly success; "Unholy Living and Half-Dying"— what a burlesque of Jeremy Taylor in that title!—is a fable of hypochrondria and of the fears of approaching death; and "Childybawn" is a burlesque of the Oedipus complex to be found in twentieth century fiction. It would be a great relief to have O'Faolain's comedy of "Childybawn" with its race-betting, brandy-drinking mother accepted as the classic heroine of an old story.

As nearly everyone who reads cur-

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rent fiction is aware, religious themes and theological speculations are in high fashion. Problems of Christian faith, of conversion to the Roman Church are in the process of a fresh revival. Without following the fashion O'Faolain has done well to let the fashion catch up to him. It is one of the rewards of his quiet manner, or his lack of cant and hypocrisy. His story "Lovers of the Lake" is proof of how clearly he has treated the explosive theme of adultery among the pious Irish—the piece, like so many of his later stories, remains, as it should be, a moral comedy that is not without compassion.

But like many moralists, however gifted they may be, OFaolain's failures are to be found among his stories of children. In these his ability to charm becomes usual and uncertain of its poise. His stories are for the mature and witty reader who has read the best and is still in hope of finding a contemporary artist of the short story in the classical tradition.

THE FOUR LOVES OF WANG TA: The familiar, powerful theme of conflict between cultures, or between old ways and new ones, is utilized by Chin Y. Lee in his first novel, **"The Flower Drum Song"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50). However, he departs from other stories with this theme by transplanting a family from the Hunan province of China into the alien soil of San Francisco's Chinatown, where approximately 30,000 other residents of Chinese ancestry are from Canton province, eating different food, speaking different dialects, and pursuing different interests. Thus, in comparative isolation as a minority within a minority, each member of the Wang family makes his own adjustment between what he knew before in China and what he learns now in San Francisco.

The father is an old, scholarly widower. The two sons are fifteen years apart at ages twenty-eight and thirteen. Of these, Wang Ta, the older son, who is a university student, cannot and does not wish to adjust to life by retreating comfortably into the past. A weak character who is dependent on his father's mysterious wealth for support, his sole expression of rebellion against the old ways, however, is to be found in a rapid series of four love affairs with Chinese-American or China-born Chinese girls. Falling in love with the greatest of ease and eagerness (but recovering from subsequent disillusionment with difficulty) constitutes his major life problem until at last he conveniently finds his beloved ideal

(*Continued on page 29*)

AMERICANA

—*Colonial Studio.*

Berkeley Hundred as it appears today.

The Harrisons of Virginia

"The Great Plantation," by Clifford Dowdey *(Rinehart. 320 pp. $6), attempts to portray the history of old Virginia through the story of one great ruling family of the old Dominion's early days, the Harrisons. Here it is reviewed by Professor Wesley Frank Craven of Princeton University, author of "The Southern Colonies in the Seventeenth Century" and "The Legend of the Founding Fathers."*

By Wesley Frank Craven

THE PLACE known as Berkeley, located on the James between Jamestown and the falls at Richmond, was first the scene of one of the more tragic failures of the early Virginia adventurers. The property was later purchased by the Harrison family, and it thus became the seat of one of the ruling families of eighteenth century Virginia. Still later, the great house built at Berkeley by Benjamin Harrison IV served General McClellan as headquarters during the campaign of 1862. By telling the story of this place and of the men who owned it, Clifford Dowdey undertakes to retell, on the occasion of the 350th anniversary of the founding of Jamestown, the story of old Virginia in his newly published book, "The Great Plantation."

The choice of the Harrison family for the purpose of drawing a profile of colonial Virginia is a happy one. Benjamin Harrison I (the family had a custom of naming the oldest son in each generation Benjamin) first appears in the record as clerk of the council in 1633. Just when he had come to Virginia cannot be said, but it was probably not too long before that year. In Virginia he married an illiterate woman whose family name is unknown, acquired 500 acres on the south side of the James, and occasionally sat as a burgess in the general assembly. The date of his death has not been determined. The second Benjamin Harrison grew up in the era that was dominated by Sir William Berkeley and he married a woman named Hannah. Again, the last name is unknown. In 1673, shortly before Bacon's Rebellion, she became the mother of Benjamin Harrison III, the first of the family to *inherit* a position of wealth and power in the colony. His father, Benjamin II, grew tobacco, kept a river-front store, and put the proceeds of his enterprise into "land and niggers." He also served as the sheriff of his southside county, sat repeatedly as one of its burgesses in the assembly, and finally reached the pinnacle of political achievement by taking a seat on the governor's council.

Of greater importance perhaps were the marriages Benjamin II made for his children. One of his daughters married a son of Philip Ludwell and so became the wife of a councillor and one of the ancestors of Robert E. Lee. Another was married to Commissary James Blair, first president of the College of William and Mary and sometime president of the council. Ben-

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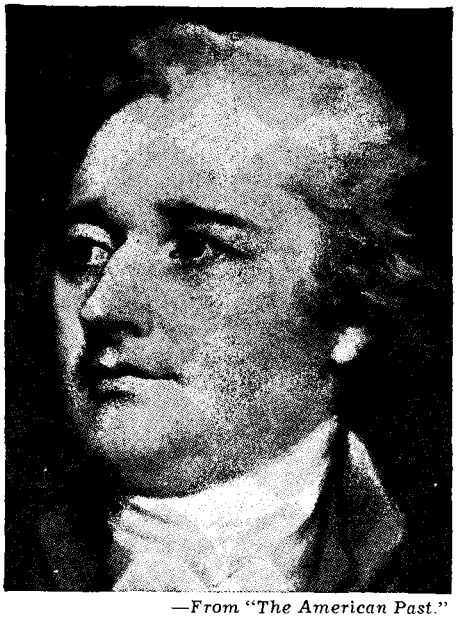
jamin Harrison III took as wife a daughter of Colonel Lewis Burwell, another councillor. By moving the family seat north of the river to Berkeley, an acreage up for sale in 1691, Harrison became a close neighbor of William Byrd of Westover, whose first wife was the daughter of Colonel Daniel Parke by marriage to another daughter of Philip Ludwell. However obscure may have been the origins of the Harrisons as a Virginia family, they were now counted among the first families of the province.

Now they had also come to count their wealth very largely in terms of the land and the Negroes they owned, but the family continued to be active in a variety of commercial ventures until the time of the Revolution. They continued to trade for the tobacco of their fellow planters and to ship out from Harrison's Landing, where McClellan would later land his troops, diverse cargoes of Virginia produce that were assigned to the West Indies or other points in vessels owned by the Harrisons. The author makes it clear that the gracious style of living identified with the great house at Berkeley depended in no small part upon the profit of alert merchants.

The hero of the story is Benjamin Harrison V, a signer of the Declaration of Independence who was physically so large that he joked about the prospect of dying more quickly than would some of the lesser figures in the Continental Congress when the British hanged them all. Instead of hanging, he continued to serve as one of the more influential and wise of Virginia's representatives in Congress, and after the war as governor of the new commonwealth. His estate at Berkeley suffered as a result of his long absence in the public service, and from other effects of a revolution he had helped to make reluctantly but with determination to defend the rights of America. Or was it the rights of Virginia? He opposed ratification of the Constitution of the United States, thereby breaking with an old associate, George Washington and entering into alliance with an old opponent, Patrick Henry. After his defeat on this issue, Harrison loyally supported the new government. His youngest son, William Henry, and his great grandson would be presidents of the United States. The second of these carried the name of Benjamin Harrison once more into high office, but he represented Indiana and not Virginia and so his story lies outside the present narrative. Meanwhile, the sixth Benjamin Harrison had proved to be a weakling, and the seventh mortgaged Berkeley to the banks. When McClellan came to Berkeley in 1862, the great house no longer belonged to the Harrisons. Nor does it today.

Mr. Dowdey writes entertainingly and often instructively. He dismisses much of the nonsense that has found its way into traditional views of the Virginia aristocracy, and of the planter society he likes to describe as the "aristocratic republic." His aristocrats are in the first generation self-made men, men indebted to the cavalier only for the standards by which they hoped to live as they fought their way to the top in seventeenth-century Virginia. Latecomers for the most part, they find identification with the first settlers by being adventurers. They are men of flesh and blood, frequently lusty and always acquisitive, and men who were still ready to risk all they had acquired at the time of the Revolution, however reluctantly.

It is too bad that the text of Mr. Dowdey's book becomes at this point a lament for the passing of an old way of life. The author has been honest in his attention to the studies of modern scholars and he has done much honest research of his own. But somehow he seems insistent upon putting new wine into old bottles. The result is a bit jarring, as when he suggests that Virginia had a college before New England did, or that Jefferson and Madison were less representative of Virginia in its golden age than was Benjamin Harrison. Perhaps Mr. Dowdey should have paid less attention to the house at Berkeley and more attention to the Harrisons who briefly occupied it. He might thus have seen old Virginia in its true light, as a place that preserved enough of the old way of life to guarantee the survival of the new way that was both Virginian and American.



—*From "The American Past."*

Hamilton (1787)—"crowded, urgent years."

Statesman in Embryo

***"Alexander Hamilton: Youth to Maturity, 1755-1788," by Broadus Mitchell** (Macmillan. 675 pp. $8.75), is the first volume of a projected two-volume biography to be published about the country's first Secretary of the Treasury.*

By J. H. Powell

ALEXANDER HAMILTON lived forty-nine crowded, urgent years, and his turbulent course presents three hard problems to the biographer. The first is that his life ended in tragic moral collapse and a foolish death, and the end is known at the beginning. The second is that Hamilton was a boy in his early twenties during the Revolutionary War, and he must not be written off as if he were anything else. The third is that he was not gifted in political manipulation or factional leadership and usually stood apart from his friends and enemies alike, playing, though he did not wish to, a lone hand.

The grace Hamilton confers on the biographer, in compensation for these hard problems, can be summed up in one word, charm. His mercurial temperament, his enthusiasms so warm, his depressions so extravagant, his lively courting of danger, his irresponsible self-indulgence in private entanglements, his endlessly failing pursuit of security and wealth, his loving letters to his neglected children and injured wife, his physical attractions—"uncommonly handsome" he was, a neat vivid little cameo of a man with big dark eyes, fine brown hair, and an "almost feminine rosiness of the cheeks"—make it something of a wonder that biographers have always written of him as if he were not a spirited, troubled man at all, but an imposing monument celebrating an economic theory.

The first volume of Professor Broadus Mitchell's new work, many years in preparation, is certainly a monument to diligent study. More than 200 of these 675 pages consist of notes, apparatus, and index. These are imposing in themselves. And in general, while this work does not cope with the three hard biographical problems I have mentioned, it still is the best biography we so far have of Hamilton, and a major work in its field.

The narrative takes Hamilton through his thirty-third year, which is to say, from his West India boyhood, to his youth in New York, his military career, law practice, New

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York politics, Annapolis Convention, Constitutional Convention, "The Federalist" papers and the ratification of the new Constitution, to the verge of his greatest period as Secretary of the Treasury in the Washington Administration.

The point of view is the conventional one of previous biographers. Mr. Mitchell has little confidence in the new work of Merrill Jensen and others that make the Articles of Confederation seem less a failure than formerly they were thought. I am sorry he hasn't. Neither has he any patience, however, and certainly this is wholesome, with the gravely distorted opinions which have flowed from Charles A. Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution." At the outset he confesses he intends to insert his own reflections and interpretations, which he does, but he adds that he has allowed the facts to speak for themselves. He really has not, and I am glad of it, for I would always rather have biographers than facts speaking when I am reading biographies. His interpretations are usually not biographical; they are historical and economic. I do not object to them, even when I disagree (which is fairly often). What I do object to is his way of losing Hamilton for pages at a time while he discusses background material or lets other people occupy the stage.

Certainly in so detailed a work, he could have used much of this space for more closely following his hero in the convolutions of New York politics. These lively struggles are told sketchily, because Dr. Mitchell believes Hamilton was singularly a national figure, nationally oriented in his concerns and interested in his city and state only as they were parts of the national picture. This I think is far from the case in the years before 1789. *Our* interest in him may be national; but very large parts of *his* approach to national problems started with the law and politics of New York. To the five years between 1781-1787, Dr. Mitchell allots only fifty pages of his total 465. Treating state politics so superficially, Professor Mitchell falls into the way of Hamiltonians, of regarding Clinton as a sluggard or a villain. Clinton was neither; he was simply a man Hamilton disagreed with, but was not skilful enough to defeat.

The publisher, regrettably, has marred this scholarly work by dropping in blank lines when superscript letters appear, with the result that the handsomely designed page is interrupted and the type jumps about before the reader's eye in an annoying fashion. For so distinguished a publishing house to do this is a surprise and a disappointment.

The Great Compromiser

***"Henry Clay and the Art of American Politics," by Clement Eaton** (Little, Brown. 209 pp. $3.50), an addition to the Library of American Biography, delves into the true character of one of the country's most famous nineteenth century political figures, the author of the Compromises of 1820 and 1850. Our reviewer, George Dangerfield, won a Pulitzer Prize for his book "The Age of Good Feeling."*

By George Dangerfield

HENRY CLAY of Kentucky is one of the most captivating figures in American history. His charm, his wit, his passion, his zest for life, his amazing affability have survived at least to the extent that we can understand the spell which he cast upon imaginative and ambitious minds. Abraham Lincoln called him "my beau ideal of a statesman," though probably (since Lincoln deserted him for Taylor in 1848) more out of fascination than conviction.

There was, however, another side to Clay which his enemies certainly made the most of and which an affectionate and admiring biographer, such as Clement Eaton, now finds himself obliged to emphasize. Indeed, Dr. Eaton's "Henry Clay and the Art of American Politics" is both a fascinating and a valuable little book precisely because it recognizes the ironic and tragic contrast between the apparent and the actual Clay. Eaton's method of presentation is irony itself: first he admits the most extravagant claims that could possibly be made for his hero; then, calmly, in kindness, and without seeming to raise his voice, he proceeds to demolish them. Only in the closing pages does he abandon this method and attempt to restore Henry Clay to the pedestal he occupied in the opening ones; and by then it is manifestly too late.

I do not mean to imply that this is a malicious or a destructive book. It makes out its case—which is, I take it, that no study of American history between 1819 and 1850 can neglect Henry Clay and Henry Clay's consummate mastery of the art of compromise. But when Dr. Eaton examines the nature of the compromises,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE MODICUMS OF DIFFERENCE

Following up "Modicums of Difference" (SR May 25, 1955), Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents on the left ten additional pairs of titles which are interestingly similar and asks you to match them with the proper authors listed on the right. You can settle the differences by turning to page 29.

1. "The Call of the Wild"	( ) Louise-Ferdinand Céline
2. "Call of the Wind"	( ) Charles Dickens
3. "Peace of Mind"	( ) Fyodor Dostoyevsky
4. "A Piece of My Mind"	( ) Christopher Fry
5. "Hard Times"	( ) Edwin Gilbert
6. "Hard Lines"	( ) Ian G. Gilchrist
7. "Long Day's Journey Into Night"	( ) Barbara Hooton
8. "Journey to the End of the Night"	( ) Will James
9. "Native Stone"	( ) James Joyce
10. "Native Son"	( ) Charles Kingsley
11. "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"	( ) Joshua Loth Liebman
12. "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog"	( ) Jack London
13. "Smoke"	( ) Ogden Nash
14. "Smoky"	( ) Eugene O'Neill
15. "The Unpossessed"	( ) Thomas Otway
16. "The Possessed"	( ) Tess Slesinger
17. "Venice Preserved"	( ) Dylan Thomas
18. "Venus Observed"	( ) Ivan Turgenev
19. "Guestward Ho!"	( ) Edmund Wilson
20. "Westward Ho!"	( ) Richard Wright

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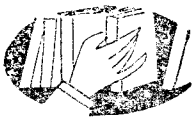
he is obliged to admit that they were more tricky, more cautious, more conservative than was compatible with democratic leadership; that Henry Clay had every attribute for this kind of leadership except one; that, in short, he was a popular man who did not much care for the people. "In his speeches and his letters," Dr. Eaton writes, ". . . his main concern was for the manfacturer and the wealthy planter."

There is no doubt about the sincerity of this concern: it was what you might expect from a self-made aristocrat and a large slaveholder in a hemp-growing border state. But it was not what one would have expected from the Henry Clay who had been the bogeyman of the commercial East in the War of 1812, who had fought a great battle for the West as a peace commissioner at Ghent in 1814, and whose ardent expansionist nationalism had once earned him such fancy titles as "Glorious Harry of the West." It is evident that, from 1824 onwards, he began to drift away from the challenging West towards the fleshpots of the North and the East.

The more ingenuity of Clay's Compromise Tariff of 1833 is beautifully revealed in the following sentence. "On March 2, Clay commented, 'Yesterday was perhaps the most important Congressional day that ever occurred,' for on that day Congress passed the Compromise Tariff Bill, the Force Bill, and Clay's Bill for distributing the proceeds from land sales to the states." But, as Dr. Eaton has already carefully pointed out, Clay's distribution bill (which Andrew Jackson killed with a pocket veto) would have raised the price of public lands, increased the pool of cheap labor in the East, and ultimately paved the way for precisely those higher tariffs which the Compromise Tariff Bill was designed to prevent. No scheme could have been less Western or more tricky.

Eaton says that at the very end of Clay's career there came an act of true and enduring statesmanship. He announces categorically that Clay, by inspiring the Compromise of 1850, was the man most responsible for saving the Union. Perhaps it was so; yet the terms of the Compromise, as Eaton gives them here, seem once again to offer an example of high political art and low political morals. By truckling to slavery, the arrangement of 1850 kept the Union going for another ten years, presumably until it was strong enough to save itself. Was this a compromise or a postponement? Was it statesmanship or was it, after all, only politics? The value of this exciting and admirable study is that it exposes, often with an honest reluctance, the threat which may be offered to democracy by a cautious and appeasing conservatism, however charming and however sincere.

"NESTOR DE L'AMERIQUE": No American ever enjoyed greater popularity in another country than Benjamin Franklin did in France. (The French even tried to claim intramural ancestry for him; the name Franquelin is common in Picardy.) Alfred Owen Aldridge does an excellent job of assessing and explaining this popularity in an important addition to the huge shelfage of Franklinana: **"Franklin and His French Contemporaries"** (New York University Press, $4.75). He analyzes the Franklin-in-France legend by categories, with citations and examples: fiction, poetry, drama. He examines with thoroughness the origin and history of "the most famous line ever written about Franklin": *"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"*—"He seized the lightning from the sky, and the sceptre from tyrants"—which was almost certainly written by Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, statesman and economist. The histories of the famous autobiography (first published in Paris, and in French, in 1791) and of the bagatelles which Franklin printed at his press in Passy are recited in competent summation. Franklin's conquest of the French owed itself in part to the fact that he was the first great American success story, in part to sheer personality. The latter quality was not shared by his associates Silas Deane and John Adams. "Adams made practically no impression upon the French public," writes Mr. Aldridge. "Today hardly anyone would recognize either his name or his physiognomy. Even in America, where Adams later became president, few but professional historians could now recognize his portrait. Yet Franklin's features are even today well known in France, and during the eighteenth century they were almost as familiar as Voltaire's." —JOHN T. WINTERICH.



Pick of the Paperbacks

THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX. *By Isaiah Berlin. Mentor.* 35¢. Tolstoy's theory of history, especially his search for a unifying principle in it, is discussed in this eloquent essay by a distinguished British philosopher.

HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS. *By Marguerite Yourcenar. Translated by Grace Frick. Anchor.* 95¢ The rich and varied age of the second-century Roman Emperor, related in the form of a fictional autobiographical narrative written by the Emperor to his grandson Marcus Aurelius.

FREEDOM AND THE TRAGIC LIFE. *By Vyacheslav Ivanov. Translated by Norman Cameron. Noonday.* $1.45. A critical study by a Russian symbolist poet analyzing the synthesis of modern realism and classical tragedy that is found in Dostoevski's work.

THE ANCHOR REVIEW. *Edited by Melvin J. Lasky. Anchor.* 95¢. A long excerpt from Vladimir Nabokov's off-limits novel "Lolita," as well as essays by Auden, William Barrett, and Trevor-Roper, among others, make this second issue of a new variety of "little" magazine uncommonly interesting.

POINT COUNTER POINT. *By Aldous Huxley. Avon.* 50¢ England of the Twenties is the setting for this bright and brittle novel of sex in and out of the marital bonds.

BARREN GROUND. *By Ellen Glasgow. Sagamore.* $1.45. Attractive jacket designs distinguish the first group of titles from a new paperback publishing house, among which is this realistic novel of the South's changing society.

THE HARBOR. *By Ernest Poole. Sagamore.* $1.45. This first novel by the first winner of the Pulitzer Prize in fiction is a stark story of New York's waterfront and the haunted poor who live by the river's edge.

COMPANY K. *By William March. Sagamore.* $1.25. An episodic novel of an infantry company during World War I by the author of "The Bad Seed."

FOUR PLAYS BY SHAW. *Dell.* 50¢. This gathering of plays by the Bard of Ayot St. Lawrence includes "The Devil's Disciple," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Candida," and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

GREAT ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. *Edited by Christopher Isherwood. Dell.* 50¢. This handsome volume in the new Laurel Series includes short stories by Robert Graves, William Plomer, and George Moore, interlaced with names familiar in anthologies.

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The Saturday Review

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People Still Make the Book

THE trouble with the contemporary American novel is not that it lacks readers but that it lacks impact. During the past decade, fiction has only rarely managed to command important attention. When it did succeed in attracting the spotlight, it was more for matters involving good taste or rather the lack of it than for anything compelling or vital about the book itself.

The most frequent explanation for this is that no story could possibly be as exciting as the age itself. People don't have to draw on the creative imagination; like Alexander Pope, they have only to look up and observe in order to find out what they want to know. For the daily theme is nothing less than war and peace. But there may be an even stronger reason for the decline of the novel. This has to do with the novel itself.

Whatever great fiction is or is not, it is hardly ever without its great characters. And the crying weakness of the contemporary novel is its shortage of vital, memorable people. It would be difficult to think of a half dozen such characters from the novelists of the Forties and Fifties.

The world is willing to forgive a great deal in a novelist if only he can create real people and keep them alive. Dickens lacked the subtler refinements of the novelist's art. He crowded his stories with an infinity of detail and deprived the reader of the satisfying spark that comes from crossing a short gap in completing an image. But he knew how to populate the memories of his readers. Balzac's prose tends towards unevenness, but everything is redeemed in his successful creation of a person like Valerie Marneffe. Du Maupassant has little philosophical depth and he fails to sustain mood, but he does manage to assemble characters who have a claim on the imagination. Zola had everything but literary economy; he mobilized words and situations like a military commander attempting to overcome an objective through sheer force. But he took great pains to create the people who had to carry his Goncourt series; they have helped in large measure to carry the author's reputation as well. Conrad had an astounding capacity for coping with the boundlessness of nature and the mysterious moods of people in unusual circumstances; but he never allowed himself to forget, as he put it, that fiction is "human history or it is nothing." As for the Russian masters —Tolstoi, Dostoievski, Turgenev— their sense of the epic was always subordinate to their main concern, the need to give birth to characters so real that they could blister the human imagination. One of the greatest achievements in all literature, of course, is the living person of Emma Bovary. Not far behind is Anna Karenina.

What of the contemporary novel? Is it possible that William Faulkner has never succeeded in building an audience to match the substantial size of his reputation because he has given us so few people to remember? He is a modern master of mood and circumstance; it now remains for him to defrost his characters if they are to win lasting hospitality in the mind. Sinclair Lewis specialized in people but one has the feeling that they are satirical props in which the author himself takes uncommon delight; as a result, they lack a persuasive reality. There are, of course, vital exceptions. Hemingway deals with real flesh and blood, sometimes without even the protective covering of normal skin. John Steinbeck's books are nothing if not full-size people; they fill a large and impressive gallery. And James T. Farrell's place in literature may rest largely on the person of Studs Lonigan.

The Hemingways, Steinbecks, and Farrells, however, are less identified with the Fifties than with the Thirties, though some of their finest work may be yet ahead of them. The novelists who concern us are primarily those who have started to publish since the end of the war. And it is here that the failure of the contemporary novel to achieve effective characterization may be most discernible. Now and then, of course, we come across a Major Jopollo by a writer like John Hersey who has something to say. But for the most part the characters in recent fiction do not seem important enough to remember.

A command of words is not enough to make fictional names come alive. The author must like people, he must believe in them, he must have a special feeling about their worth. This is the life-giving ingredient. There is no need to point to television or the eventful world as reasons for the small impress being made by fiction. It all begins with the book. —N. C.

The Lesson

By Larry Rubin

I WAS stung by a man-of-war
When I was four;
It spun purple tentacles about my thigh,
And though I cried,
I saw its glistening Portuguese sail—
A sac of poison, acid with majesty.

I know royalty
When I see its barbed embroidery—
The formic wine within the purple grail.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORLEY THE CHAUCERIAN

FOR ALL that so many people knew Chris Morley in so many ways, there was a handful of us who knew him as no one else did. When Francis B. Gummere died in 1919, Haverford College was put to it to find some sort of replacement for him; and in view of the impossibility of the task had for a year a sort of guest-star system in the English department. I don't know why they asked Chris to give the Chaucer course; but to the lasting joy of a few of us they did.

Chris was no expert in Middle English, and I'm sure he had to put in long and arduous hours working up his lectures; but the effort didn't show. Those Chaucer classes were a delight in themselves, just because Chris was talking. But they were also classes of immense value to most of us, because we found out two facts that we haven't forgotten. One is that Chaucer is a great poet; and the other is that a great poet is exciting and moving reading.

Once you find out those facts, it isn't a great deal of trouble to bone up on your Middle English, and go on with Robinson and Coulton and others to continue your revels all your life long! Chris gave us Chaucer. If he'd never done anything else, that would be enough.

Chaucer went along with Chris, of course, as part of his daily equipment. He found A. Edward Newton and Tom Daly Chaucerian. A young lady named Blanche who turned up at a party became the Duchess. And Chaucer started Chris off on at least one of his urbane poems.

It seems to me, too, that Chris followed the suggestion of Chaucer that appears toward the end of the "Troilus"—the poem Chris loved so well, and brought us to love. There, in perhaps the saddest lines of our poetry, Chaucer looks at life, and sees it, and makes the suggestion that Chris, I think, followed as he looked and saw and lived:

> Swich is this world! Whoso it can byholde,
> In ech estat is litel hertes reste!
> God leve us for to take it for the beste!

S. A. NOCK.

Denver, Colo.

"What can I do, honey—it's three against one!"

THE CHARM OF MR. BROOKS

I SUSPECT THAT Gorham Munson and a number of other writers' conference directors are wondering where Van Wyck Brooks got his idea that "summer writers' conferences were largely in the hands of a literary avant garde" (*SR* Mar. 13). Mr. Brooks attended his first—and, I suspect, last—writers' conference here at Montana State University in 1952. During one panel discussion in particular, I remember that he did go to the literary mat with Leslie A. Fiedler, a member of our faculty and, I suppose, a representative of the avant garde. It was a mighty battle concerning the future of American life and letters and included a noisy defense of Mr. Brooks by conferees, who pounded on their chairs and shouted "No! No!" as Fiedler made his points. Possibly Mr. Brooks felt, because of this magnificent rhubarb, that our conference was avant garde and somehow representative of all such meetings. Of course this is not so. Certainly that year the success of the conference was due largely to the stimulating mind and quiet charm of a conservative—Van Wyck Brooks.

HENRY V. LAROM, *Director,*
Montana State University
Writers' Conference.

Missoula, Mon.

ANACHRONISTIC AX

H. S. SAYS IN HIS editorial (*SR* Mar. 30) that the feminist revolt in America was well under way in the 1880s, when Carry Nation wielded her ax and Amelia Bloomer shocked Washington with her short skirt and long, loose trousers. Amelia Jenks Bloomer died in 1894 at the age of seventy-six. Carry Nation did not hit the front page with her ax until 1900.

C. COAPES BRINLEY.

Staten Island, N. Y.

DEMOCRATIC EVOLUTION

I SEE THREE fallacies in Mr. Steinbeck's thesis. (*SR* Apr. 20):

1. Not all "creative" men are as guilty as he implies. The distinction between insurrection and defending one's inherent human rights can be a very complex one.

2. Does the United States as a nation want or need Adam, Cain, Noah, Sappho, Caesar, Petrarch, Napoleon, Martin Luther, Robin Hood, or John Brown?

3. What is there about one who claims to be creative that makes him immune to "moral" or legal restraint? My acquaintance with "genius" is somewhat limited, but it seems to me that true genius would not need to claim special privileges in those areas.

Perhaps such an eminent man as Mr. Steinbeck might have a little more faith in the democratic evolution of our laws. God knows it is cumbersome, but most of us think it has its good points.

NOEL LOOMIS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

UNLUCKY EDITOR

MANY YEARS ago my old father warned me that I was born unlucky (otherwise, he said, I would have been born of a rich father). He has been consistently right for over a half-century. For instance, in your most recent TRADE WINDS *The Saturday Review* finally mentions my paper, *The Carolina Israelite* (thousands of Americans wait for it each month like the watchers of the night wait for the rising sun). And what happens? You place me and my paper in Charleston, South Carolina, instead of in the Queen City of the Carolinas: *Charlotte, North Carolina.* To paraphrase the sentiment of a great man; "I am a Tar Heel in nothing except my devotion to all the other Tar Heels."

HARRY GOLDEN, *Editor,*
The Carolina Israelite.

Charlotte, N. C.

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5-18

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Skoal for American Playwrights

THE theatre in Scandinavia is in many respects superior to our own. To begin with, there's more of it. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, and Helsinki each have one theatre per 80,000 inhabitants, which is about three times the figure for New York. Furthermore, each theatre presents several plays a year, with the government-subsidized companies sometimes producing as many as fifteen plays a season. These companies usually keep several productions in their repertoire and are able to offer a different attraction each night of the week. They are also able to undertake special projects, such as performances for children or experimental plays that appeal to small audiences. Such intensive, wide-ranging activity results in the steady development of actors; the general level of acting tends to be higher than it is on Broadway.

The theatres are in general more sumptuous and better equipped than ours. The newer theatres at Goteborg and Malmo are particularly grand, with spacious, beautifully-decorated lobbies and functional auditoriums. The older theatres in Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, and Helsinki make up for any lack of efficiency with history and charm. Possibly the most charming theatre in the world is the small court theatre at Drottningholm just outside Stockholm. Built in 1764, all the fascinating old stage machinery and settings are still operative in the special performances occasionally given there.

A noticeable trend in Scandinavian theatre is the building of subsidiary small theatres to make possible both grand stylish productions and more intimate ones. The most recent of these is the one erected in 1954 by the national Finnish-speaking theatre in Helsinki. Although there were no funds available for such construction, the spirit in Finnish theatre runs so high that manufacturers donated all the necessary material and equipment, and workmen gave an hour or two a day to assemble a beautiful and remarkably comfortable little auditorium.

Both Sweden and Norway have a traveling theatre called the Riksteater, which takes plays to small communities. These companies usually manage to persuade a leading performer to join the troupe. The Norwegian Riksteater has just completed the most successful tour in its history with "The Diary of Anne Frank." This success may owe something to the fact that the Norwegians have a particularly strong memory of the Nazi occupation.

Oddly enough, the Finns, who are even more stubbornly independent than the Norwegians, have never performed what would seem the ideal play for that country. Robert Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night" deals with and was inspired by tiny Finland's resistance to Russian invasion. But the late playwright is reported to have withdrawn his permission for the play to be performed in Finland when the shifting world political situation made an anti-Russian play bad diplomacy. While theatrical tastes differ from city to city, and even from one theatre to another within the same city, in general American plays are amazingly popular in Scandinavia, with Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, Maxwell Anderson being most performed. But beyond these high-quality playwrights it is even more surprising to find the immense popularity of our comic playwrights. The Lindsay and Crouse classics are of course the most successful, but a large number of our more trivial and undistinguished comedies have been well received.

The Scandinavians like American plays because they find them human as opposed to the more impersonal conventions adopted by most European dramatists. They also find them an exotic contrast to the daily urbanity of Copenhagen and Stockholm. Naturally, plays with strong situations work better than those whose effectiveness depends on the quality of their dialogue or on wisecracks. And audiences tend to become impatient with whimsey and with formless theatre pieces. Musical comedies have not caught on to the same extent they have in England, but "Oklahoma," "Annie Get Your Gun," "Call Me Madam," "Kiss Me Kate," "Can Can," and "Cranks" have been successful while "Guys and Dolls," "Finian's Rainbow," and "Brigadoon" have failed. With all these national differences, and the general superiority of theatre organization in Scandinavia, it is gratifying to know that in the theatre, at least, the vitality of our American writers is so very welcome in Scandinavia. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Monster on the Make

ALTHOUGH Hollywood can boast movie stars by the score, there are scarcely half a dozen men who can be called star directors, men whose name means enough at the box office that it can be displayed in lights upon the marquee, men whose ability to make a commercially successful film has been proven so often that the studios will give them a virtual *carte blanche* simply to obtain their services. Elia Kazan is one of them.

If his latest film, **"A Face in the Crowd"** (Warners), seems to go over again the ground recently covered by Jose Ferrer in "The Great Man"—a story of a Trendex giant with feet of clay—the similarity only serves to point up the greater daring of the Kazan work. Ferrer drew an acid portrait of a many-faceted heel, an unprincipled TV entertainer whom the public instinctively clasped to its collective bosom as a happy "kid brother": and he set this portrait against a background of the higher echelons of television where a smile and a handshake seem to be the prescribed preliminaries to a knife in the back. Kazan has all of this in his picture of Lonesome Rhodes, "the face in the crowd," the crackerbarrel philosopher with a hillbilly song on his lips and an unholy lust for power in his heart. But there is more. While Kazan—and, of course, his writer Budd Schulberg—have spared no detail in documenting the depths of their hero's depravity, deceit, and self-delusion, they are basically concerned with what can happen should the public ever fall captive to such a man. What they have sought to expose is the danger that the mass media can be used for the manipulation of the mass mind.

Their Lonesome Rhodes, in short, is not merely a monster but a monster who readily becomes the creature of reactionary business men and politicians. He sells their program as willingly—and effectively—as he sells soap or pep pills. Kazan has fashioned an extraordinary scene in which a group of industrialists analyze a Senator's shortcomings, a prospective Presidential candidate, from the kinescope of a televised speech, with Rhodes on hand to give him pointers on how to appeal to the public—how to smile, how to wear his hair, the friendly nickname, the dog on the hearth. And all of this underlined by the outspoken disapproval of Rhodes's discoverer and mistress, the film's one sympathetic character. It is a picture filled with warnings—and forebodings.

Actually, this is its chief distinction. Kazan has made many films before that were more brilliant, more taut, more consistently dramatic. "A Face in the Crowd" takes far too long to come into focus. In portraying Rhodes as a corrupt and immoral man on the make, Kazan brings in too many incidents, too many incidental characters who appear momentarily, then disappear unaccountably, from the footage. More importantly, for once his technique of "objectivity" has failed him. Schulberg's original short story was narrated in the first person, set down by the girl who was both fascinated and repelled by the man she coddled and coaxed to fortune. Her attitudes, her reactions colored every scene. By eschewing this device, Kazan keeps the audience wavering between sympathy for Rhodes and indignation—as well as making it difficult to understand why the girl remains with him in the first place. There is the further difficulty (neatly dodged in "The Great Man") of credibly establishing the fact that a callous, raucous, guitar-playing lout could earn the frantic adulation of the entire populace merely by a few homely jokes and an attitude of calculated indifference.

None of these problems, however, can be traced to Mr. Kazan's cast. As Rhodes, Andy Griffith creates from the start a figure of demoniacal intensity, of frightening lapses from rough amiability to sullen rage, a man consumed at the same time by a tremendous egotism and profound self-doubts. Anthony Franciosa as a fast-talking, double-dealing manager, Walter Matthau as a reluctant rider on Rhodes's bandwagon, Lee Remick as the pretty drum majorette who momentarily attracts Rhodes's incessantly roving eye—all contribute performances that are sharply and deftly drawn. But the real triumph in "A Face in the Crowd" is the performance of Patricia Neal as the girl who—despite her intelligence, despite all reason—has succumbed to the same animal magnetism that attracts the crowds. Kazan has failed to establish this magnetism, but Miss Neal reacts to it so convincingly that one is almost persuaded it really exists. She brings to the film the only real warmth it has, the fire it so badly needs.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Five Years of This?

UNTIL a few years ago broadcasters had to renew their tenure of an air-channel by annual application to the Federal Communications Commission. At present they apply every three years. A proposal, backed by the FCC, is now before Congress to extend the period to five years and, according to *Broadcasting-Telecasting* Magazine, one Senator, at least, is in favor of licenses in perpetuity. One might ask, have they deserved so well of us?

At present each broadcaster, applying for renewal of license, has to justify himself. The FCC looks over the record to see whether the broadcaster has obeyed the rules and regulations. In theory, a broadcaster operates in an atmosphere of responsibility, he knows that what he does today and tomorrow will be scrutinized and his misdemeanors held against him. Actually, unless some form of protest comes to the FCC, unless a rival application for the same frequency is made, renewal is virtually automatic. The FCC may grumble, but it is an indulgent parent. It threatens to spank, on rare occasions it comes close to spanking, but it doesn't beat its children to death.

The principal reason is that they are good children. They obey the specific regulations. And the FCC, rigidly logical, does not hold the broadcasters to strict observation of the one rule which it will not, of its own motion, define. That is the basic rule that all broadcasting must be "in the public interest."

In a recent letter, upholding the extension of license to five years, FCC Chairman McConnaughey has said:

". . . the Commission is prohibited from censoring program material . . . We have no authority to require broadcasters to carry or not to carry a particular program, to say how it should be presented, or who should appear on the program. We do review the overall operation of station licensees . . . in order to determine if a station is operating in the public interest. This, of course, does not take care of the immediate problem of the individual listener."

No critic of current broadcasting, however hostile, has suggested that the FCC should censor programs or dictate how many times Jackie Gleason should appear on the screen. But the obligation resting on the FCC to consider the whole spectrum of a station's programs, when application is made for renewal of license, has been recognized by the FCC itself, and certain interpretations of the Communications Act hold that the Commission cannot shift total responsibility for programming to the broadcasters. The FCC has held, for instance, that a station is under compulsion to cancel scheduled programs (even if they are sponsored) in order to clear time for "programs in the public interest." It has warned stations which present nothing but (sponsored) recordings that this is not acceptable. Will it do the same to a station which fills 80 percent of its time on the air with old movies?

I learned of the new proposals from the April *Bulletin of the National Association for Better Radio and Television,* which urges citizens to write to their Senators and Congressmen to protest against the extension. A few days after receiving the bulletin I settled down for a night of comedy: Perry Como, Sid Caesar, George Gobel, and I made an illogical transposition from "five years tenure of franchise" to "five years of this kind of programming."

My judgment was mixed. The Perry Como show is still fresh as paint, utterly agreeable. The Caesar show, with a broad burlesque of the Mike Wallace interview, showed all the defects of tenure. Half of it was given over to a routine song-and-dance presentation of the lovely music of Jerome Kern, with nothing sparkling in the presentation except the songs themselves. The Gobel show is obviously a scared show: comedians are on the downgrade in popularity, so half this program consisted of pratfalls by a comedy-band, an act like that of Borra Minnewitch before vaudeville died.

I can't say that we'd have different —I certainly can't be sure we'd have better — programs if broadcasters walked in daily fear of decapitation by the FCC. I think that the chief value of the threat of non-renewal lies in scaring broadcasters into specific public service. They will not freely drop newscasts even if sponsors will, they will produce or transmit those programs the FCC counts as educational, even if they shunt such programs off to undesirable time-periods.

But if they aren't to be held to account more than once in five years—?

—GILBERT SELDES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Concert with a Theme, Variations Without

THE Philharmonic-Symphony ended its Carnegie Hall season with a program of music that mated two master works of the century's choral literature with one by a younger composer who gives promise of eventually adding another to it. Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus" and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" are works that have won wide recognition, Lukas Foss's new "Psalms" his latest contribution to the vocal catalogue. If the "Psalms" is smaller in extent and substance than its progam mates, it was not dwarfed by either.

A good new work by Foss is no uncommon thing—in fact, it is more difficult to think of the ones he has recently produced which haven't, for one reason or another, rewarded the attention. One unfailing reason is the musicality of the content—a statement which may suggest a tautology. However, musicality is the one thing that cannot be taught, which puts Foss unfailingly in the creative category, whatever the other qualities of a given work.

From the opening phrase to which he has set the words, "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence comes my help," one is aware of a musical experience with flow and continuity, sequence and meaning. Not all the procedures are secure ones, and I question particularly the effect of the ending with a section of the Twenty-third Psalm ("The Lord is my Shepherd") after the lengthy, exuberant play with "O sing unto the Lord a new song." At a first hearing the clashing sonorities of drums and brass carried the mind in the direction of certain passages in Strauss's "Salome," which, for all its Biblical derivation, is not exactly the right place for the mind concerned with Foss's purposes to be carried. In sound (and fury) this seemed, as it was occurring, the natural climax to the whole, the closing with the quiet Twenty-third Psalm something of an anticlimax. Whether another hearing would make its logic more evident, must remain a question for the future: this hearing established it as a work in the line of Foss's "Song of Songs," which has shown repertory tendencies since Koussevitzky introduced it in the later 1940s.

Mitropoulos's well contrived program otherwise recalled the deep urge of Kodaly's Hungarian psalmody and the perhaps not so deep but no less urgent proclamations of Walton's Osbertian (Sitwell) fantasy. This was a rare opportunity to compare the effect of two major works sung in English, for which the Walton was written, but the Kodaly was not. At my seat near the rear of the house, words were fragmentary, comprehension of the Kodaly text as sung by tenor soloist David Lloyd and the Schola Cantorum all but impossible. They scored somewhat higher in the Walton, but far from as well as desired.

Indeed, it was the disquieting thought throughout this program (and again, from the Sunday broadcast) that the Schola Cantorum is no longer the fine chorus it was at its best. The adage of strength in numbers is not necessarily true of choral singing if the individual voices do not produce the amount of sound per voice that is desirable. The end product is a woody, indefinite outpouring that strikes the ear with a flat impact rather as a resonant wave. Even the shouted "Slain!" in "Belshazzar's Feast" lacked the kind of focused projection it should have. Giorgio Tozzi made a valiant effort to adapt his *basso cantate* to the requirements of the solo part, but he is rather too cultivated a singer for the purpose—as yet. A longer indoctrination in it might well add to the good outline it presently possesses. As almost always in ventures of this magnitude, Mitropoulos made the main points impressively well, but did not always achieve the intermediate objectives.

The welcome novelty of a program with a theme was offset, somewhat, at the Thursday-Friday pair by the less welcome novelty of a "Variazioni Brevi," by the Danish composer Niels Viggo Bentzon, which, to all aural evidence, lacked a theme. Someplace in the "Introduzione" is buried a basic element, but whether it was here or there even learned analysts could not agree. Despite this short circuit in the line of communications, the message reached us that Bentzon is a sure hand with the orchestra, that he is capable of energizing tonal masses and contrasting them adroitly. In context, it suggested a masterful shadow-boxer making all the correct moves in a striking display of the tactics of his profession. What he might do with a tangible problem (in working over a clear theme, or fulfilling a larger form) would have to do with strategy rather than tactics.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Whitethroat Calls Through the May Night

By Daniel G. Hoffman

THE whitethroat calls through the May night.
His peals pierce, tight as tears, the twilight

in a gush of grace; upraised ivory cups
on the magnolia catch those high sweet notes

and tip then, on the cool air spilling;
odour echoes echoes of that song

till evening dons his dun tricorne.
What signifies the woodthroat's calling then,

who heeds the musk magnolia's dripping bough?
Were we not centering the dark world now,

quick to the burgeon of his twiggy tune,
for whom would these things happen? Sound on stone,

scent of magnolia on rank wolfsbane falling,
transfix the gazing pupil of the moon

deliquescent at the wildthroat's calling.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Canadian Curmudgeon

"Men and Power: 1917-1918," by Lord Beaverbrook *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 448 pp. $6.50), is that English newspaper magnate's autobiographical account of his first top-level invasion of English politics during the days of Prime Ministers Lloyd George and Bonar Law. Our reviewer, Malcolm Muggeridge, is the editor of the famed English weekly magazine,* Punch.

By Malcolm Muggeridge

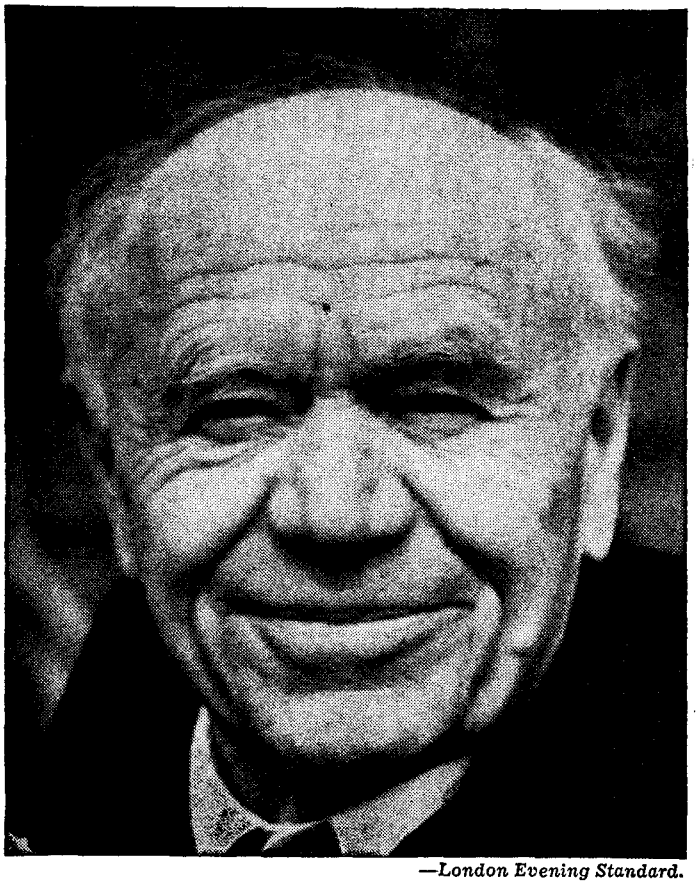
LORD Beaverbrook has been part of the English landscape (at any rate in the summer months) for a good many years now. He arrived in London from Canada as a quiet young man, with a lot of money, an energetic disposition, and a determination to translate his financial gains into political influence. Now, in his eighties, richer than ever, with a vast publicity machine—Express Newspapers—at his sole disposition, he is engaged, personally or by proxy, in thumbing over the somewhat grubby pages of the past as he recalls it and participated in it.

The latest fruit of this endeavor is an autobiographical volume, "Men and Power, 1917-1918". It covers the period of Lord Beaverbrook's first top-level incursion into English politics, largely through the agency of Bonar Law, to whom he attached himself with the same pertinacity as Boswell did to Johnson, or, better, as Sancho Panza did to Don Quixote. Bonar Law, a curious, melancholic Canadian-Scot, who so unexpectedly became leader of the British Conservative Party, and, for a short while, Prime Minister, found in Lord Beaverbrook a useful, stimulating, and, in a dour sort of way, affectionate associate. He undoubtedly leaned on him for counsel, besides making considerable use of his services as an intermediary. It was in this latter role that Lord Beaverbrook developed the skill and acumen which was subsequently to hold him in such good stead in making himself felt politically in England. Like Satan he went to and fro in the world and up and down in it. He dropped discreet remarks, he was tireless in political maneuvers and manipulations. As a source book for all the minor and mostly squalid intrigues out of which Lloyd George emerged triumphant during the last phase of the 1914-1918 war and its immediate aftermath, "Men and Power" is invaluable.

Yet somehow it is unsatisfying. Is this really government, one asks oneself—this grimy, tawdry scramble for office, for peerages, for privy councillorships? Are these men — Lloyd George himself, Curzon, Churchill, F. E. Smith, Carson, Austin Chamberlain, and many lesser hangers-on—as presented by Lord Beaverbrook, the heroes of their time? Do they really amount to much? Are they even worth bothering about in the light of history's fearful march, of whose true direction and significance they appear, from Lord Beaverbrook's account, to have been so singularly unaware? In the period covered by Lord Beaverbrook there took place, for instance, the Russian Revolution, which, for good or ill or both, released momentous forces and affected all mankind. It is unmentioned. There also took place that fearful slaughter of the innocents, the Battle of Paschendale. It, too, is unmentioned. In Lord Beaverbrook's eyes these mighty events were of little moment by comparison with whether Carson was to be First Lord of the Admiralty or Lord Derby to stay at the War Office.

It is, of course, true that power, like passion, has its minutiae, which also shed light on its true nature. For the minutiae, "Men and Power" is a treasure-trove. It tells us how a talkative parrot prevented Churchill adopting an "empire policy," how Sir Eric Geddes kept in his home a telephone on the pay-box system, how Churchill accepted rebukes from Lloyd George with, in the light of his subsequent career, surprising mildness. The row between Lloyd George and Northcliffe is meticulously described, as are Haigh's efforts to enlist the support of the monarch on his own and the other generals' behalf. The grubby, sordid, small-time flavor of politics based on universal suffrage is well conveyed. What is lacking is any sense of the meaning of it all. The roulette wheel spins, the stakes are laid, and Lord Beaverbrook, grinning and muttering in the background, describes who wins and loses.

As a contemporary historian he falls between two stools. He is not a mere gossip like Creevy; he cannot, like Macaulay, extract any meaning, not even a false one, from the events and



—London Evening Standard.

Lord Beaverbrook—"grinning and muttering in the background."

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persons he describes. All he does is to give his version of happenings, at the time only important in the eyes of politicians, and, as they recede into the past, scarcely important at all. The very names of many of his principal characters (Carson, for instance) are already largely forgotten. He does not even succeed—this, perhaps, least of all—in explaining himself; how so unenlightened a man, not much dowered with intellectual gifts, with no flair for politics in the public sense at all (his own personal efforts such as his Empire Free Trade Crusade, were infinitely derisory), with a character and record impish rather than edifying, should yet have succeeded in imposing himself upon a class which would not accept him socially and on a country to which he came as a stranger. Yet succeeded he has. Three Prime Ministers—Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Churchill—were deeply influenced by him, and his little court of sycophants and hatchet men remains intact to this day. His two main assets were money and energy. The former remains, the latter is inevitably dwindling. Nonetheless, his word is still law at any rate in the offices of his newspapers. There his most ludicrous propositions have to be translated into approximate sense, and majestically and lavishly featured. There he continues to remain supreme—like one of the last of the Moguls, whose empire, dwindling outside, was maintained within the confines of his royal palace.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 726

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 726 will be found in the next issue.

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WFPHTGA, KSH HNSHT

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—*From the book.*

Mayor Curley in campaign attire—"champion of the oppressed."

The Brahmin Baiter

"I'd Do It Again," by James Michael Curley *(Prentice-Hall. 372 pp. $4.95), is the widely known ex-Mayor of Boston's self-revelatory account of his political doings in that New England city from the time that he took his first step into politics to the moment that he wound up in jail in 1947. Our reviewer, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is the author of the currently best-selling history of the recent past, "The Crisis of the Old Order."*

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

NATURE often imitates art. Reading James M. Curley's book "I'd Do It Again," one cannot help wondering what the Curley autobiography might have been like had Edwin O'Connor never written last year's best-selling "The Last Hurrah." Agreed that O'Connor originally based Skeffington on Curley. Still Skeffington was a full-bodied creation who grew rapidly away from his prototype. It was said that Curley after reading "The Last Hurrah" even threatened to sue O'Connor for libel. But he has now contrived a subtler revenge. He has appropriated Skeffington for his own purposes, rebaptized him Curley, and done his best to transform art into nature.

It is all here—the wild, Irish humor; the characters bearing names like Pea-Jacket Maguire and Up-up Kelley (the latter so called because his job was to rouse audiences when Curley came on to speak—his one failure came when he tried to operate in a gathering of deaf mutes); the delighted scenes of political roguery; the election night parties; the wakes. Even the title of the Curley book seems to come straight out of O'Connor. As Skeffington lay dying, his old enemy said, "I think we can say this: that knowing what he knows now, if he had it all to do over again, there's not the slightest doubt but that he'd do it all very, very differently!" Skeffington said, "The hell I would!" Curley, with greater restraint, says simply, "I'd do it again!"

The book begins with the Boston of Curley's youth—a town ruled by Brahmins, where the immigrant Irish worked as ditchdiggers on sewers, or as construction workers, or as house maids for eight dollars a month. "Even as a boy," Curley writes, "I knew I belonged to an Irish-Catholic minority who were despised socially and discriminated against politically." This experience shaped his politics, as it did that of many contemporaries. "The Irish," Curley observes, "turned to the political ladder . . . because it was the quickest and easiest way out of the cellar." Many, like Curley, proudly identified themselves with the underdogs of society. "I have handed out my share of buncombe in my campaign speeches along the political trail but there was never any hooey in my pleas for the down-and-outer. . . . The Curley record is eloquent proof that I was at every stage in my career the champion of the oppressed."

Well, yes, for a time. But many of these first-generation radicals took for social principle what was really social climbing. For Curley, as for

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others, radicalism receded as status improved. The basic theme of his book is the successful struggle of the Irish community of Boston for political power and social acceptance. "The Lowells and Cabots speak to the Curleys," he writes comfortably about present-day Boston. Ralph Lowell said, "How do you do, Governor," the other day to him at the Harvard Club (big deal). "Leverett Saltonstall and James Curley are both members in good standing of the Charitable Irish Society," Curley writes. "And it is significant to note that Saltonstall joined that worthy organization before Curley did." These pleased paragraphs help explain why Curley's alleged love of the oppressed has been so largely verbal for the last twenty years—why, for example, for all his radical pretensions he liked the New Deal so little.

For the rest, "I'd Do It Again" is an entertaining account of local politics by an old rogue unduly charmed by his own knavery. He tells some excellent stories: how he spread reports than an opponent had joined a Masonic order and had been seen eating steak at the Copley on Fridays; how he hired people to light flaming crosses in the distance to give the proper setting to his attacks on the Klan; how in 1942 he implied that his Yankee opponent in the Democratic primary was a Communist and his Italian opponent was a Negro; how to gain sympathy from the judge for his health during his sentencing in 1947 he took the precaution of wearing a collar one size too long; and so on. This is all good clean fun, no doubt, and one should certainly not be priggish about it. Still, it becomes cumulatively a little depressing, especially when related with such sublime satisfaction. Nor is one impressed by the hints of history-making interventions with which Mr. Curley interlards his book—his role in reconciling Mussolini and the Pope, for example, or his success (later regretted) in bringing about Roosevelt's nomination in 1932. One even suspects a certain bitterness of spirit beneath the rollicking exterior—a bitterness which comes out most conspicuously in his treatment of Roosevelt.

One would wish that there were more documentation in the book; also that more care had been exercised to get facts straight and not, for example, make Anthony Drexel Biddle Roosevelt's Attorney General or place the Harvard Tercentenary in 1935 or put the Stevenson Boston rally in *December*, 1956, several weeks after the election. But I suppose these things are not important. For better or worse, Curley has outwitted O'Connor and reclaimed Skeffington for his own.

Fiction

Continued from page 16

in a Mandarin girl who happens to wander to his front door and who, since she plays her Chinese flower drum as an entertainer, thereby furnishes the title of the book. Unhappily, however, this is a story which is perhaps possible but really improbable. Some other minor characters, all likewise transplanted from China, serve to round out the picture with their various comments and actions, but at the end one has not found the depth of feeling or the power of conflict which are potential in the elements of the story.

—JADE SNOW WONG.

AN ADOLESCENT TRIANGLE: In Peter Sourian's **"Miri"** (Pantheon, $3.50) we have the latest adolescent confessional-fiction by an author who is almost as young as the college crews he writes about. With a sharp ear for natural dialogue and believably self-centered chatter, Sourian allows a trio of New Yorkers named Miri, Lexy, and Josh to assess one another while the reader stands puzzled as to which version to accept. All go to Boston colleges and are thrown together quite a bit because Lexy and Josh are roommates and Miri is a Greek refugee girl who had been brought to the United States not long after the war by her uncle, Lexy's father. Lexy consciously works on being a "boy hero," picking up eccentricities that automatically daub him a character and taking advantage of his father's reputation as a wealthy shipowner. Even Miri is taken in by his worldly pose and voluntarily grants him intimacies that had saved her life in wartime Greece. Yet, she likes or loves (the words are used indiscriminately and interchangeably) the pure-hearted fall-guy Josh equally well. Josh is a caricature of adolescent bewilderment whose capacity for absorbing emotional punishment seems to be limitless as he becomes the necessary foil for Miri and Lexy. Altogether, they form a candid and complex trio. The Greek family background and Lexy's rebellion against a father to whom he secretly turns for basic discipline are subtly and carefully revealed in this first novel by an author who has made an auspicious debut.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 5, 16, 18, 9, 2, 19, 14, 11, 20, 3, 1, 6, 7, 17, 15, 12, 13, 4, 10.

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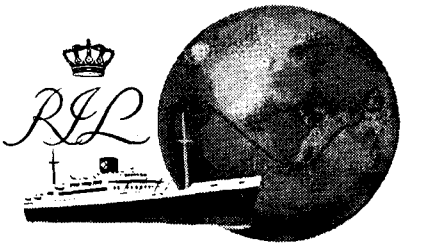

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AT HOME WITH COLETTE

—From the book.

"Close to Colette," by Maurice Goudeket, *translated by Enid McLeod (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 245 pp. $4), a memoir by the third husband of one of France's foremost modern woman novelists offers many insights into her life and writing techniques. The book will be published on June 7.*

By Frances Keene

COLETTE wrote many books which have strong overtones of reminiscence, from "La maison de Claudine" (which has much in common with the later "Sido") to "La vagabonde" (from the whole Claudine series itself, begun in 1895) to "Le fanal bleu" of fifty years later. She built her books from life, a synthesis of her own experience caught in minute, unsentimental observation and screened to eliminate the merely subjective. Her aim was to communicate her awareness of what was universal, hence valid, in each phase of living which was reflected in the single novels and plays.

But this system of screening out the too personal, though intrinsic to her art, has left many gaps in the reader's understanding of her as a human being. That is why Maurice Goudeket's admirable yet modest memoir of her last thirty years, entitled "Close to Colette," has particular interest and is, indeed, of unique value. Goudeket, as the "beloved friend" and husband of this woman of genius, had day-by-day opportunity to relate the mature artist to her work and to evaluate her cumulative experience in terms of her final product. That he did so without invasion of privacy is convincingly revealed in this moving, devoted but never cloying account. ("If I had not completely forgotten, in our daily behaviour, that I was concerned with an extraordinary person, our relations would have acquired a sort of constraint which both of us would have disliked," he writes. A sublime understatement if ever there was one!)

Goudeket, almost twenty years Colette's junior, met her at the home of friends in 1925 when she was fifty-two. He had been reading her books for two decades and still remembered the "delicious shock" of his first literary discovery. The generation that had passed since then had, one gathers, made of the young man a fairly self-conscious poetaster, sufficiently well-heeled so that his own scarcely-promising literary future need not disturb him too much from a material point of view. He had learned to check, or at least to camouflage, a "madly imaginative" nature so that "by the time I was thirty-five I had still not sobered up much [but] in order not to betray this childish state of mind I behaved with the greatest circumspection, which made me appear cold and formal, not quite at ease."

Colette, on the other hand, was thoroughly established as novelist and journalist. "Cheri," her greatest early success, had come out in 1920, and 1923 had seen the publication of two small masterpieces, the short novel, "Le blé en herbe," and the evocation of home, "Sido." The three powerful volumes inspired by the Paris music halls, most important of which is "La vagabonde," had been out and had run into many editions during the decade that preceded her Easter-holiday meeting with Goudeket. He must have seen her as the literary lion that others considered her to be, not as the literary hack she sometimes called herself.

From the start, the two friends gave each other something each was lacking. Goudeket says: "The world she restored to me was the real world, the world of everyday poetry, which was to become our dwelling place." And though he never states or implies that Colette would have been the poorer had she not met him, the reader is left with the conviction that Colette herself knew this to the core.

For those interested in Colette's technique, there are to be found in the book valuable passages about her habits of composition, her curiosity about words, her profound respect for the structure and cadence of the language, and an awareness which, first instinctive, was to become a conscious part of her art. The spare, taut prose, the unfailingly vital dialogue, the capacity to render a scene with an economy and force unexcelled by any contemporary French novelist—all had their roots in the way she matched her talents to the task in hand.

Personal details such as her preferences in music—a lack of appreciation for Mozart came to me as the most surprising revelation in the book—and her infinite patience with autograph hunters fill out the picture, already clear in her books, that here was a woman who, while not optimistic, was vital and gay. She was orderly, punctual, liked good food and drink and knew how to provide them. "She was both adventurous and home-loving, in the way that cats are, passionately attached to what she possessed and ready to risk or give it away at any moment."

IF THE reader is looking, however, for "revelations" of Colette's life before she met Goudeket, he is doomed to disappointment. The author does not try to reconstruct situations which he can have known only at second-hand, and he seems to have been a paragon of a husband in that he accepted and welcomed Colette *as she was* with, implicit in this acceptance, a realization that the life which had made her so must be accepted, and in silence, too.

A piquant illustration of the respect, even veneration, with which Colette's fellow writers came to regard her is given in Goudeket's account of a visit from Gide. Though they had exchanged letters, their meetings had been infrequent and when Gide came to call on her after she was already bed-ridden, the two aging authors strove to make a bridge in vain. Yet Gide had confided to his journals years earlier: "[In Colette] there is much more than a literary gift: a sort of very peculiarly feminine genius and a great intelligence. What choice, what order, what happy proportions in an account apparently so unbridled! What utter tact, what courteous discretion in confidence; not a touch that fails to hit the mark and to mark itself in one's memory, sketched as at random, as if while playing, but with a subtle, accomplished art . . ."

In his account of Colette's later years, Goudeket has given us a rare understanding of the spirit behind the accomplished artist.

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THE STRUGGLES OF GYPSY: Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, ever a lively feature of the entertainment scene, has unexpectedly succeeded in writing an un-lively book. In the elegantly titled **"Gypsy: A Memoir"** (Harper, $3.95) she tells of her childhood days in tanktown vaudeville, her entry into burlesque, and finally her rise to glory in the Ziegfeld Follies. She ends on her departure for Hollywood and presumably another book will follow. This may well be a better one, for the only part of the current memoir that shows brightness comes at the end where Gypsy ends the preoccupation with her indomitable mother, who as Madam Rose shepherded flocks known as Madam Rose and Her Dancing Daughters around vaudeville circuits. Both Gypsy and her younger sister (June Havoc, to be) were members of these bedraggled groups and it is with the mother's efforts to make a living from show business that this book largely deals. Yet it is in the way she handles her mother that Gypsy herself lets the reader down. As presented here, Madam Rose lacks even the appeal of that other indomitable stage mother, Mrs. Sandra Berle. But why? Gypsy obviously thinks Madam Rose is a rare character indeed and it is even possible that the experiences so lovingly recounted here might, if told at a party, be side-splittingly funny. Yet Gypsy has failed to give her mother's ruthless determination any basic motivation. Was Madam Rose a thwarted actress herself? Did she love money—or did she just like to travel? No effort is made to explain the intrepid lady, with the result that she appears callous, depressingly eccentric, and at times cruel. Her clever remarks have a raucous edge that rob them of humor. The grasping way she fights for her rights with theatre owners might be amusing if she were not at the same time graspingly victimizing the girls in her troupe. When at last Madam Rose and her private menagerie are dumped on a chicken farm, the book shows some life. But this is page 306 of a 337-page book. A little late, Gypsy—but better luck with the next.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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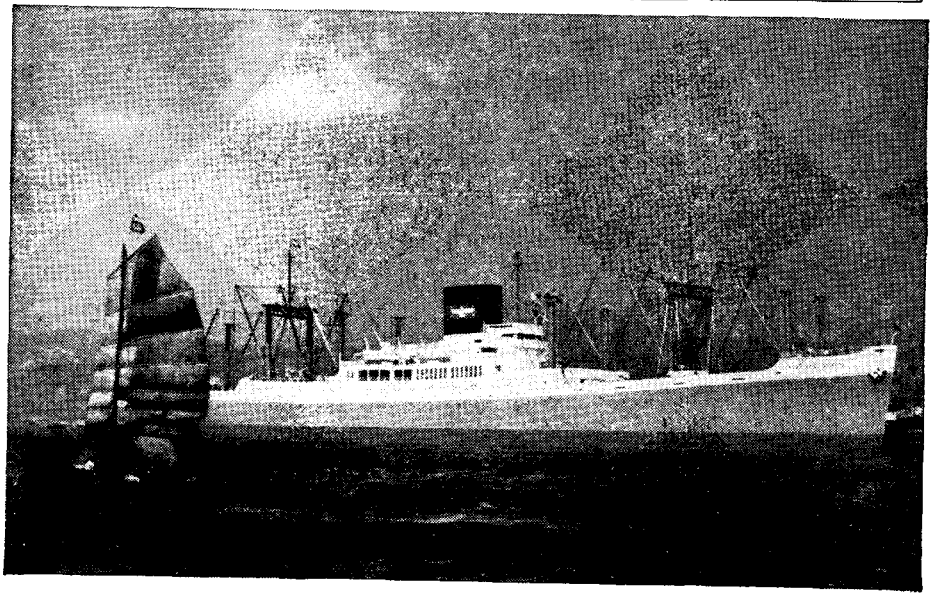

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France vs. America

"Diversity of Worlds," by August Heckscher and Raymond Aron *(Viking. 178 pp. $3.50), restates and clarifies the discussions which took place last year at Arden House between apparently unreconcilable French and American delegations. Our reviewer, Lewis Galantière, author of "Century of Total War," has been a student of international affairs for more than thirty-five years.*

By Lewis Galantière

IN MARCH 1956 a meeting took place at Arden House between twenty-five Americans and eighteen Frenchmen. Its sponsor was the World Peace Foundation whose president, Professor Arnold Wolfers of Yale, was in the chair. Neither side made the mistake of overloading its representation with people who knew the other country intimately. The exchange of views could thus be a true expression of the limits of mutual comprehension.

At least two papers seem to have been submitted in advance. The French delegation was particularly struck by the statement in the Foundation paper that "If one were to compare Americans and Frenchmen" in matters of conformism and intellectual interests "one would come to the working hypothesis that Americans were better educated, more interested in issues not directly related to their family and personal lives . . . less stereotyped in their opinions . . . and more tolerant of ideas critical of themselves and of their views."

The task of restating and clarifying the discussions was entrusted to Raymond Aron, French historian and publicist whose analysis of American policy has been consistently objective and even friendly for many years, and to August Heckscher, formerly chief editorial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune* and a sympathetic student of French affairs. Their contributions are made in separate chapters in this book entitled "Diversity of Worlds"—not in collaboration.

Concerning what unites France and America the forty-three debaters seem to have had little to say. There is Lafayette, there is democracy, there is, of course, the Soviet menace; but as to this last we appear to be more divided in our views about how to meet it than united in our determination to oppose it.

M. Aron's chapters let us know that the French delegation were concerned almost altogether with American foreign policy. The French, they said, are as favorable to the American civilization as anybody is, but "community of civilization does not necessarily imply political solidarity." Whether they were thinking of Ambassador Byroade and Nasser, Sir Arthur Henderson and Hitler, or Louis XIV and the Grand Turk, we cannot say. What is true is that French intellectuals are incurious about our civilization. The press suffices as their source. Except for Jean Gottman's geographic studies and Mme. Magny's book on the American novel, I know no serious French work on any aspect of American life since Siegfried wrote in 1928.

OUR foreign policy is another matter: it impinges on their existence in a way they like to think our civilization does not. The United States, says the French delegation, is guilty of "a narrow and systematic anti-Communism and an obsession with military measures of doubtful necessity." Mr. Dulles takes alternately a "menacing" and a "protective" attitude to France which is offensive. At the same time he shows himself "partial to Adenauer." The French are not looked upon as a first-class ally: they rank third after Britain and Canada; indeed they are tied for third place with West Germany. In colonial matters the American position is intolerable. We defend Asian and African national aspirations as "irresistible" where the French are its victims, but give it another name where American interests are concerned, *e.g.*, in China. We press for federalism in Europe, but when the French strive to federate their empire we call it colonialism.

M. Aron concludes that at Arden House there was "agreement regarding the disagreement" between the parties, and he adds dryly that this "in no sense constitutes a basis for common action." Courteously, he as well as lets us know that the party was a fiasco.

If that was the case, Mr. Heckscher gives us no hint of it. M. Aron knows better than to endorse all the French views he reports, and that some of them—though we need to hear them—are half-truths. He knows that NATO is not a measure of "doubtful necessity," least of all for France; that Washington's "partiality" to Adenauer is not pro-Germanism but satisfaction with Adenauer's unshakable anti-Sovietism, and that this cannot be altogether bad for France. He knows also that French suspicion of the purposes of the Marshall Plan turned out to be not only false but base; and how regrettable it is that this should have taught nothing to his fellow intellectuals. If he does not say these things it is presumably because he considered that his business was not to write his own views altogether but to report what his compatriots had said.

MR. HECKSCHER, too, knew better than to fall in with, probably, a good deal of nonsense spoken by the Americans at table. But unlike M. Aron he refers little to the American side of the dialogue and uses his own remarkable insight into French affairs to write three admirable essays: on the French empire, on culture and democracy, on present problems of colonialism. No American has ever put the classic French position more soothingly, thoughtfully, and eloquently, nor answered it with gentler firmness on America's behalf.

The French, Mr. Heckscher implies, do not have a colonial policy, they have a concept of empire. It is extraordinary that at Arden House it should have been an American who spoke as if Rivière, Foucauld, Psichari, Lyautey—I would add, Saint-Exupéry—still lived: "France as a whole has kept in some profound way the sense that its destiny is to be more than France, that it has a mission to represent something more than European ideas or Western culture." How fine is his definition of the French concept of freedom: "The perfection of personality within a culture where the rights of the individual are made secure." How well he puts the French case against industrialism: "What is really at stake is the French personality, the original character of a civilization." The question is, are these things still true about France? Mr. Heckscher sees that the younger generation may not share these Siegfriedian concepts. And his insight, meanwhile, does not prevent him from pointing out that, for good or for ill, the overwhelming preponderance of power in the free world rests with the United States, and that the problem is "how two free nations, respecting each other, needing each other, yet totally dissimilar in military and economic strength, can manage their joint affairs successfully."

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Journeys to Hell

***In "The Unforgotten," by Ilse Stanley** (Beacon. 375 pp $4.95), a German-born actress, who was born the daughter of a rabbi, recounts the harrowing adventures which she survived in order to spirit to safety during World War II more than 400 inmates of the Nazi concentration camps.*

By Franz Schoenberner

THE preface by George N. Shuster to Ilse Stanley's "The Unforgotten" vouches for the truth of her story—a story which actually sounds sometimes as incredible as only real life can afford to be. It is a strangely hybrid book reflecting the strangely contradictory personality of its author. Though written in the form of a novel it is at the same time the documentary autobiography of Ilse Stanley who was born Ilse Davidson, the daughter of a rabbi in Berlin in the first decade of this century.

Under the professional name of Ilse Davis the author had started a successful career as an actress, a producer, director, and impresario for her violinist husband when Hitler's coming to power put a sudden end to all her plans. She soon found another less glamorous and much more dangerous outlet for her amazing vitality. By a wildly improbable coincidence she met in the headquarters of the feared Gestapo an old acquaintance: Fritz, whom she had befriended years ago when he had been a young policeman stationed at her theatre, and who had promised her eternal gratitude. Now a high Gestapo official he kept his word and proved his devotion far beyond any expectation. He risked his life again and again by giving her false credentials for the release of inmates of concentration camps. But the papers alone were not sufficient. She had to go herself into the hell of the camps and to bring back with her own car the often half-dead prisoners who otherwise—papers or no papers—would have been killed because they were no longer presentable.

There are no less than 412 people who owe their lives and safe existence in foreign countries to the heroic fearlessness and superhuman self-control of this astonishing woman. As a sort of official alibi she used her membership in the staff of a Jewish Welfare Organization which was still allowed to work in Berlin. But, of course, even her closest friends were —for their own good—not allowed to know anything about her secret ac-

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The Lamont Case

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Introduction by **HORACE M. KALLEN**

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Norman Cousins says:
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tivity. The chapters relating these trips to hell and back are deeply moving and convincing just because there is no sensational indulging in the bloody details of horror scenes. One may doubt that "Dostoievski would have read these pages with awe," as George N. Shuster says in his preface, but nobody would doubt the absolute veracity of the author. And the same must be said about her description of the general atmosphere in Germany during the long years between 1933 and 1939, when not only foreign governments but even Jewish Germans living under the constant threat of annihilation completely failed to see or to understand what was going on in Nazi Germany. Certainly, many thousands of victims of concentration camps, who had somehow survived limited terms in the inferno, could have told the truth—if they had not been too terrified to speak of their really unspeakable experiences. They often kept silent even after having escaped to foreign countries.

ILSE Stanley's testimony is all the more reliable because, with a magnificent ethical superiority, she had succeeded in rejecting hate in spite of having witnessed the most inhuman cruelties inspired by the fanatical hate propaganda of Hitler and his prophets. She was able to do so because of an almost naive but unshakably strong religious faith which, without accepting the forms or dogmas of any organized religion, embraced the best in all religions. It was this force which kept her alive not only in the mortal dangers of Nazi Germany but also during the first very difficult years in this country where, after having been rescued at the last moment early in 1939, she had to start again a new life without money and even without mastering the English language.

From a purely literary viewpoint it has to be said that Ilse Stanley's rather loose style of narration which, influenced by her work for radio and television, uses pages and pages of not always very pertinent dialogue, seems sometimes a bit irritating. One would wish that this highly intelligent person who sometimes shows in a few concentrated paragraphs her brilliant power of observation and her excellent judgment about the psychological and political situation in Europe and America, would have forgotten her inborn inclination to move a large audience by strong emotional effects.

But such objections appear almost a bit churlish because behind the sometimes too dramatic or slightly sentimental tone and a certain carelessness in the splitting of infinitives, the reader feels always the presence of a marvelously real and deeply human person who has the genius of the heart.

THE HORTHY WHO WAS HUNGARY: The fame of Admiral Nicholas Horthy transcends the boundaries of his country. Long before Hitler and even Mussolini he was the "Ur-Fascist," the Fascist prototype. He was an admiral in a country hundreds of miles from the nearest sea and the head of a kingdom without a King. The "first royalist" of his nation, he booted out the monarch who came to claim his throne. For a quarter of a century Horthy was Hungary.

"Memoirs," by Admiral Nicholas Horthy (Speller, $6), makes fascinating reading because the author lived in a fascinating age and also because he was an extremely unfascinating man. He obtained his sealegs in sailing ships and lived to see the atomic-powered submarine. He served the "last of the Caesars," Austria-Hungary's Emperor-King Franz Joseph, helped defeat Hungary's post-World War I Communists, headed the anti-Semitic and anti-radical "White Terror," mellowed with time and became the epitome of conservatism. He took Hungary into World War II on Hitler's side but when the bandwagon juggernaut stalled he wanted to jump off it. The end of the war saw him the Fuehrer's prisoner. The Allies arrested him, too, but he was not tried as a war criminal. Eventually, he found haven in Portugal where he died recently at the age of eighty-eight.

Horthy tells the details of his rich life in this book. He has a lot to explain and he explains a lot. Not once does it seem to him that he may have been wrong. To him the world was an affair of black and white and he was always on the angels' side. It may be this intrepid self-confidence that accounts for the phenomenon that the cantankerous Hungarians found no fault with Horthy.

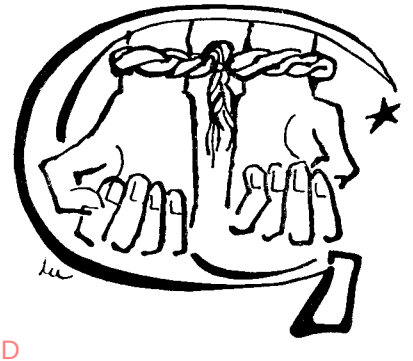
Occasionally, the reader of this book is able to peek behind the historic scene. He learns from Horthy that when poor, naive ex-Emperor Karl came to claim his throne in 1921 he tried to bribe the Regent into submission by conferring upon him the title of "Duke of Otranto and Szeged." Horthy never wore that title. It is now authentically revealed in this book that it was the Germans who bombed two Hungarian cities on June 26, 1941, in the guise of Russians—a bombing which induced the Hungarians to declare war on the Soviets. Horthy explains that Hungary was so imbedded in the extended German Reich that it was swept along with it. Certainly, there were no anti-Nazi Hungarian freedom fighters under his regime. —EMIL LENGYEL.

A PATRIOT IN BUDAPEST: The cover of **"No More Comrades,"** by Andor Heller (Regnery, $3.50), describes it as the first eyewitness report by one of the actual participants. The author himself makes no such preposterous claim. He was a staff photographer of the official Hungarian news agency and while the revolution in Budapest was still in progress he obtained permission to leave the country with hundreds of action photos for publication abroad. He did not return home but came to America where he was the masked "Arpad Hazafi" testifying before a Senate Committee. (Hazafi means "patriot" in Hungarian.) Now his family is in the United States and therefore he can shed his mask.

Mr. Heller attempts to describe what he saw during the revolution in Budapest, from October 23 to 31, 1956. His story is no different from accounts printed in the press, except that it is less detailed. He was taking photos and was not an active participant in the fights. Mr. Heller followed the crowd bent on destroying Stalin's monument while the crucial events took place in another part of the city, in front of the Radio Building of Budapest. Nor did he see the revolutionary highlights at the Kilian Barracks. Mr. Heller was already out of Hungary when the Russian tanks returned for the butchery.

Mr. Heller's background information, to which he gives the pretentious title of "Life Under Communism," is even sketchier. Indeed, one who had never set foot in Hungary could have written a far better account of that life on the basis of the available printed material. The book ends on an optimistic note. Without giving any reasons, the author firmly believes that victory was only postponed: "Hungary will win her freedom! There is not power enough on earth to stop her!"

While Mr. Heller's heart is in the right place, indignation unsupported by more perceptive eyes and skilled writing hands does not provide a forceful narrative. —E. L.



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Lear

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most of their energy and are worn down to mu mesons. Mu mesons strip electrons from one atom after another as they fly through the air. These electrons vary in strength enormously. But if their charges are added up the total power of the mu meson is found to approximate 2 million electron volts, about the same as the beta radiation of yttrium-90. So Dr. Libby concluded that the effect of strontium-90, father of yttrium-90, would be roughly the same as that of the cosmic ray, father of the mu meson.

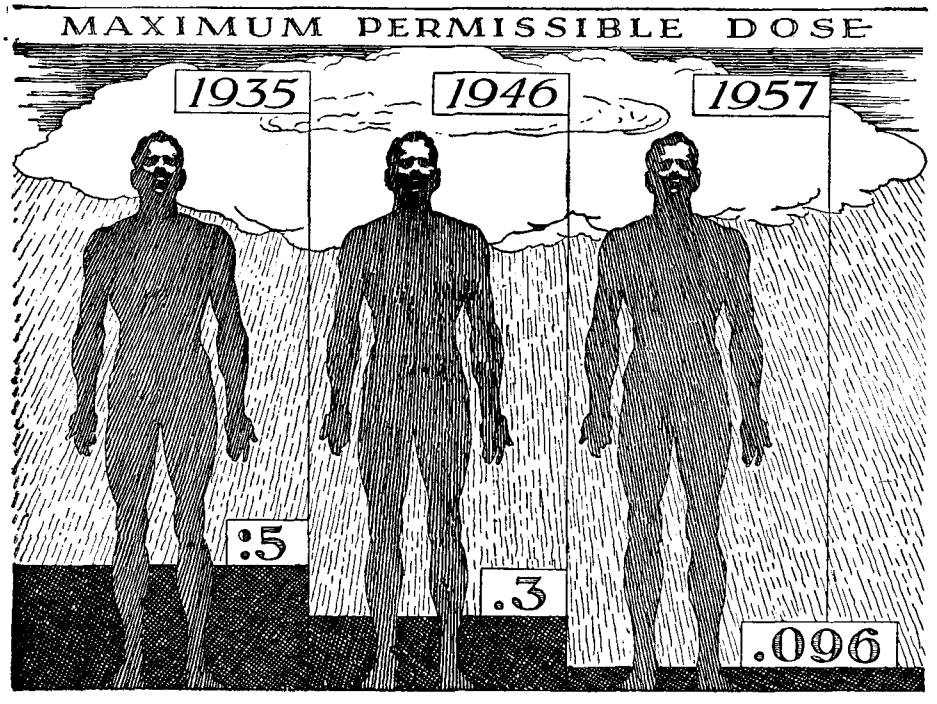
Cosmic-ray experts do not know enough about the biological effects of cosmic rays to challenge Dr. Libby's figures. The radiation totals do coincide; on that the cosmic ray experts agree. There are one or two discrepancies, however, that ought to be mentioned. The mu meson of the cosmic ray flies straight through our bodies. It does not stop. Yttrium-90 stays in our bones with its father strontium-90 and keeps up a steady tattoo of radioactivity. Furthermore, the mu mesons don't concentrate at any one spot; yttrium-90 and strontium-90 do concentrate. And a mu meson can't tell the difference between a child and an adult. Yttrium-90 and strontium-90 can tell—they go in greater amounts into growing bone, which is the child's bone. Is it very scientific, then, to say that exposure to fallout is no more dangerous to us than a walk uphill from the beach? Is it scientific to lump all the multitude of known biological and biochemical differences that exist among human individuals—not to mention the myriad unknowns—into one common denominator and leave us all believing we are safe and equally so?

I have one more question. Doctor Libby says that "radiation exposures from fallout are very much smaller than those which would be required to produce observable effects in the population." What does this mean? Merely that we can't tell exactly how many they are, where they are, or who they are. Is it more comfortable for us to know?

It can be argued that not knowing is cause for greater uneasiness. It was so argued by a correspondent for *The Manchester Guardian,* who made this case:

"The present death rate for leukemia and bone cancer is X; if we go on, we are faced with the probability of finding that in a few decades the death rate is a hundred and one hundredths of X, or more, or less, but still a rise. In that case every one of these sufferers, not just the hundred and first, will have to ask himself: 'Is this suffering and this early death inevitable, or is it due to a bomb tested twenty years ago? Am I dying of the ills that flesh is heir to, or am I dying a death imposed on me by the American, Russian, or British governments?'"

If for reasons of high policy we must sow across the earth such wild seeds of doubt about our reverence for life—inviting the very subversion which the Communist cause thrives



The darkening reality, reflected in steadily tightening safety limits noted above, contradicts optimistic propoganda about fall out. The numbers are weekly fractions of a Roentgen.

"In writing this book, I am thinking of the mass of young people — unhappy, bewildered, uninformed, sometimes suicidal — who, because of an appalling unavailability of accurate information, erroneously consider their homosexual difficulties to be their final destiny. I am thinking of the young wives of 'bisexuals' . . . I am also thinking of the unhappy parents of young homosexuals . . . All this can be remedied by information combined with treatment, provided the prospective patient really wants to change." *From the Author's Foreword.*

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best on—then we ought to arrange some better surety than we have now that the gains from the atom will at least offset the losses. We ought to match our spending for bomb tests dollar for dollar with spending for research into the reasons why men and nations hate and fear each other. From that might come eventual cessation of the tests by common agreement.

I have a normal human concern for the welfare of my neighbors, wherever they live, near and far. But if I may, without seeming provincial, I should like now to speak as an American to my fellow Americans. Let us not be naive. Let us not suppose that fallout is primarily a problem for the Bantus, the Samoans, or the Chinese. The heaviest fallout on earth occurs right here in the United States. The entire western half of the country, except for a narrow oasis along the Pacific Coast, is covered with the alkali soil where strontium-90 has its easiest battle against calcium in feeding grasses and plants. Because of the relative speed of their growth, the likeliest victims of fallout are America's own children.

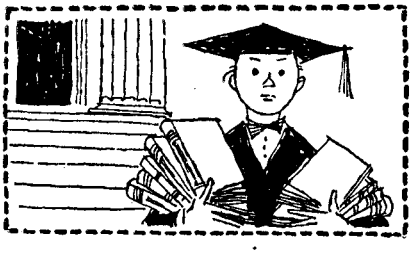
Our ignorance of the intricate workings of nature is so vast that the future still may bring us encouraging news. As our knowledge grows into intelligible patterns, the fallout threat may become less perilous than it now appears. It is possible that new facts may yet give some measure of congruity to the AEC's use of the cheery words, Sunshine Project, to characterize the frantic worldwide search for clues to the killer strontium-90. This is possible, but the odds bequeathed us by the recent past are strongly against it. All the long while that the AEC has been publishing its reassurances about the negligible consequences of fallout, the maximum permissible dose of atomic radiation set for the individual person by the National Committee on Radiation Protection, has gone steadily down.

In 1935, the weekly limit was .5 Roentgens.

In 1946, the weekly limit was .3 Roentgens.

In 1957, the weekly limit is .096 Roentgens.

Does that threatening procession of figures make exposure to fallout sound as harmless as a walk uphill from the seaside?



Libby

Continued from page 9

our surroundings, amounts of radioactivity very much larger than those derived from radioactive fallout.

COSMIC rays, which come from outer space, have their radiation effect progressively diluted as they pass through the atmosphere. Thus, a person living at an altitude of about one mile above sea level receives a dosage of cosmic rays approaching double that of a person who lives at sea level. There are other variations in the natural "background" dosages. For example, people living in certain localities of uranium or thorium mineralization will receive much more radiation than the average, and their ancestors have received these much higher doses over centuries in many parts of the world. Living in a brick house, rather than in a wooden house, will, with certain kinds of bricks in certain parts of the world, increase radiation exposure many times over that from test fallout.

The additional radiation dosages which persons receive from fallout are small compared to these natural dosages and even the variations in the natural dosages. To be specific, the dosage to new bone as in children which results from strontium-90 at present is about the same as the additional dosage which a resident at sea level would receive from cosmic rays if he moved from a beach to the top of a hill a few hundred feet high.

There is no question that excessive dosages of radioactive strontium can cause bone cancer and leukemia in animals, so we should not casually dismiss the possibility of harmful results from test fallout. However, keeping in mind that populations are exposed to natural radiations considerably greater than the fallout dosages, we can attempt to determine whether these have caused any detectable effects. We can examine, for example, whether there is any obvious increase in the rate of occurrence of bone cancer and leukemia in populations living at higher altitudes or in regions of uranium mineralization, etc.

Examination of available records does not disclose any such effects. However, vital statistics have not always been carefully kept, and further studies are being carried on under the egis of the United Nations Committee to determine whether any such effects can be detected. One fact is apparent, however—it certainly is not our normal experience that people can appreciably increase the occurrence of these dread diseases by moving to a higher altitude or by moving from a sedimentary soil, where the uranium content is low, to an igneous or granitic surface, where the uranium content is very much higher, or by moving from a wooden to a brick or concrete house.

Another way of evaluating the possible risk from strontium-90 in fallout is through comparison with the permissible concentration of strontium-90 recommended by authoritative groups. The permissible amount of strontium-90 for atomic energy workers in the United States is about 2,000 times the present strontium-90 content of new bone in the United States resulting from fallout. (Strontium-90 concentrations in the rest of the world are generally lower than those in the United States.) Authoritative groups have recommended that, on grounds of general prudence, the permissible limit for whole populations be one-tenth of that for atomic energy workers.

On this basis, the present level for new bone, that is, in children, in the United States is somewhat less than 1 per cent of the maximum permissible concentration for the population.

PERHAPS a word of explanation should be given regarding these maximum permissible concentrations. As you know, scientists do not speak of "risks" or "hazards" in the sense that the words ordinarily are used. They try to measure possibilities almost to the limits of the finite; therefore, "risk" includes the possibility of effects far beyond the range of the probable or detectable. The maximum permissible concentrations are not safety limits; rather, they indicate that at considerably large concentrations, perhaps tenfold greater, there would be definitely detectable effects.

So far, I have been discussing principally the possible risks from radioactive strontium. Radioactive fallout includes other materials which do not accumulate inside the body, but do emit penetrating radiation which can irradiate the sex organs and other parts of the whole body from the outside. Such radiations can produce genetic mutations.

Again, in evaluating the possibility of genetic effects from fallout, we should try to compare it with normal experience. The external dosages from fallout, that is, those which might cause genetic effects, have averaged between one- and five-thousandths of one roentgen per year in the United States during the last three or four years. This figure should be compared

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with a normal dosage of 150 thousandths of one roentgen per year from cosmic rays and natural radioactive materials in the environment. In other words, the external fallout radiation has been from 0.7 per cent to about 3 per cent of the natural radiation exposure.

As another example, in certain countries of the world a brick house might easily have enough natural radioactive material in the walls to give up to 40 thousandths of a roentgen more exposure per year than a wooden house and a concrete block house gives about 100 thousandths of a roentgen more annually. These dosages range between eight and 100 times the dosage due to test fallout.

Obviously, the genetic effect of fallout radiation must be very small compared with the genetic effect of natural radiation.

As you pointed out in your statement, radioactivity from tests which already have been held is present in the stratosphere, from which it will descend for years to come. The radioactivity of this material constantly is decreasing through normal radioactive decay. The tiny radioactive particles fall so slowly from the stratosphere that the continuing fallout in the United States just about compensates for the radioactive decay of the radiostrontium already deposited. Therefore, the present level of radiostrontium in the soil is about as much as we shall ever have from tests already fired.

Continued testing would not increase radioactivity on a straight additive basis, since an equilibrium would be established between the added radioactivity and radioactive decay. If tests were to continue until 1983 at the rate of the past five years, levels in the United States would be expected to reach about four times their present values. Levels about six times the present ones would be reached by the year 2011 if testing were to continue for that long a time.

I hope that I have provided enough information to demonstrate that the risk from nuclear testing at the present rate is small. Of course, a great amount of more detailed information is available, and I shall be glad to supply it to you if you wish. No scientist contends that there is no risk. We accept risk as payment for our pleasures, our comforts, and our material progress. Here the choice seems much clearer—the terrible risk of abandoning the defense effort which is so essential under present conditions to the survival of the free world against the small controlled risk from weapons testing.

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

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Gemini

Opera to The King's Taste

Time: October 18, 1752. *Place:* Palace of Fontainebleau. *Present:* Louis XV and Mme. de Pompadour in the Royal Box; Court in gala attire; seated opposite the King in the Stage Box, with uncombed powdered wig and careless dress, anti-Royalist Rousseau . . . famous philosopher and composer of the *bijou* of an opera which had its historic premiere that night . . . Louis XV whistled the delectable music all next day . . . 204 years later, a Royal Welcome awaits the 1st recording (appropriately on Angel, *'the aristocrats of sound'*).

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Conductor: Igor Markevitch.
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Angel 35447

News Note: Markevitch returns to this country to open three major summer festivals — New York's Stadium Concerts, June 24; Chicago's Ravinia Park, June 27; Ellenville, July 4.

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GRIEG: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2

Four Norwegian Dances
Conductor: Walter Susskind — Philharmonia Orchestra.
(Note: This record postponed from May '57 list) **Angel 35425**

Piano and Violin

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After his Paris concert Gênet reported to *The New Yorker:* "He became for critics and music lovers here the new virtuoso of today, **as prodigious as the early Horowitz . . .** A Liszt specialist, his technique in octaves is flawless . . ."
Angel 35436
Friendly Advice: Be the first to say, "Yes, I KNOW" . . . Cziffra will play at Ravinia and Hollywood Bowl this summer; N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony in autumn.

Angel 35402

Note: This is the 3rd Angel recording of the brilliant young Russian pianist — made in London: others: Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 (35896); Pictures at an Exhibition (35317).

Conductor: Paul Kletzki. Philharmonia Orchestra.
Angel 35236

News Note: Famous abroad, this young Hungarian violinist makes her American debut with the Cincinnati Symphony Oct. 25 and 26 followed by the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Nov. 9 and 10 . . . Other Angel Records: Brahms Violin Concerto (35137); Bach Solo Violin Sonatas (35280-1-2).

Library Series

Album 2

16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Gabrieli, *Due Canzoni per sonar a quattro;* Marini, *Balletto;* Neri, *Sonata a Quattro;* Vitali, *Capriccio;* A. Scarlatti, *Sonata a Quattro;* Vivaldi, *Sonata a Quattro, 'Al Santo Sepolcro'.*
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Angel's Library Series is clothed in "a gold imprinted 'tweedy' looking fabric, which conjures up pipe, slippers, easy chair and other adjuncts of contented listening."
Irving Kolodin, Saturday Review

Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein

SOUVENIR OF VIENNA

[illegible]

Listening to this record, you can pretend you are in your favorite Vienna café, lingering and dreaming all day over a single cup of coffee *(mit* or *ohne Schlag)* . . . Jaro Schmied, Lehar's favorite fiddler, one-time Vienna Opera concertmaster, plays and conducts . . . *Alt Wiener Schmutzer Tänze,* waltzes, marches, mazurkas, serenades of Johann Strauss, Lehar, Schrammel, Lanner . . . **Angel Blue Label 65033**

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THE YOUNG FRENCH MUSIC

Andre Hodeir is author of "Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence." He is also closely affiliated with contemporary trends in French serious music.

By ANDRE HODEIR

TOWARD the end of the war the feeling grew that the music of Claude Debussy was more important than had been thought up to then. Its real meaning, considered historically, began to appear. The painter of vague pictures, the impressionist, the pointillist faded into the background in favor of the true figure of the destroyer of rhetoric, of the man who had rehabilitated pure sound, sound *per se*. At the same time people began to realize to what an extent the concept of "French music"—partly because of the errors of "Claude de France," it must be admitted—had distorted the real meaning of such pages of "Jeux" or the "Etudes pour piano," the only ones perhaps since Beethoven that had touched the limits of musical beauty. Hadn't Debussy himself foreseen how far down this "French music" of the future might go? The years between the wars, which in France were devoted to the aftermath of impressionism, the resurgence of the Schola Cantorum approach, and a renewal by way of the music hall, were to prove him only too sadly right. The condemnation of this grandeurless epoch can be seen in the fact that, for several years after Debussy's death, the spreading of his influence should have given rise to nothing but that derisive caricature called Debussyism.

Make no mistake: Debussy was revered from the time of his death as a national pride and glory, and a good many doctrines were propounded in his name. One of them, and not the least, was the doctrine of a supposed "French Supremacy." His contemporaries—Ravel, Dukas, Fauré, even Satie—began to be rated seriously as his equals; soon the halo of genius was also bestowed on the younger composers who came after him, although they were not in the least his successors. Success crowned this leveling-off treatment. Just after the first war it was stylish to show oneself amateurish enough not to be afraid of writing what the textbooks regarded as blunders. This "independence" was enough to establish quite a few reputations for originality, some of which still live on. The myth of the "French School" is responsible for a phenomenon of auto-segregation, which led French music to feed on itself, cutting itself off from all contact with foreign countries and placing itself completely, for a while, in the margin of historical evolution.

What choice was there for the young French composer between 1919-1939 who was repelled both by the false virtuosity of the later Ravel and by the academicism of official instruction, at that time directed by an old man who was himself a vestige of an archaic order—what choice but to take refuge in the amateurism then in style? The progressive stifling of French music reached its climax during the confused hours of the German occupation. It then became almost impossible to get hold of certain key scores; what is worse, silence set in around their authors. Consequently, the musicians of our generation grew up in total ignorance of the music of their time; this ignorance extended in some cases even to the names of men like Bartók, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern.

In A group that was satisfied with this situation because it didn't realize how serious the matter was only Olivier Messiaen took it upon himself to react. His powerful musical instinct had revealed to him at an early moment what was essential in Debussy's message; he had also been one of the first to perceive the fecundity of Stravinsky's work in the rhythmic domain. He was obliged to move alone toward the conquest of a new musical language, which he recognized as

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necessary. Repelled by the formalistic aspect of Schoenberg's organization, he learned too late the implications that Anton Webern had drawn from it. His researches took as point of departure the Hindu modes and rhythms; the system based on them was to prove original and coherent, but it was rigid and did not permit a spatial conception of music such as that developed in the work of the Austrian master. Such pages as the "Visions de l'Amen" or the "Trois Petites Liturgies"—pages that are many-colored, heterogeneous, static, simultaneously mystic and pagan—possess a seductive power, a "magic" that is enough to place their author in the very first rank of that "condemned generation" of musicians born between 1900 and 1920. The failure of his work on a purely compositional level is equally obvious. Just the titles of his most recent works give evidence of this: "Le Réveil des Oiseaux," "Oiseaux Exotiques," "Catalogue d'Oiseaux" . . . The composer has become an ornithologist.

The influence of Olivier Messiaen as a pedagogue was tremendous. It is not by chance that all the musicians who really count today in the generation following his studied with him between 1945 and 1950. His prestige attracted the best; and even if he had brought them nothing but that *rhythmic disquietude* which he was the first to feel and which has marked contemporary music so profoundly, that in itself would be enough to assure his fame.

However, the action of another pedagogue, René Leibowitz, was to prove decisive. Leibowitz was not, like Messiaen, a composer of exceptional talent; but he was very familiar with the Schoenbergian universe, to which he had devoted two books. Moreover, he possessed the scores of the Viennese masters, which were then impossible to find in Paris. For the benefit of the young French musicians, he analyzed them. It is through the channel of his instruction that Pierre Boulez, notably, came to know "serial" music (twelve tone), or at least what there was of it at the time.

WITH Pierre Boulez (born in 1925) appears as the first great figure of the new music. An extremely precocious artist, Boulez undertook, as early as 1945, a complete reconversion of the serial universe. His great merit is to have been the first to see that the thematic conception of Schoenberg was inconsistent with Schoenberg's own invention, the twelve-tone row. By reversing the accepted hierarchy, according to which Webern appeared only as the third figure of the "Viennese Trinity," this discovery dealt a mortal blow to orthodox Schoenbergianism as taught by Leibowitz. Webern was finally recognized as what he had really been: the only truly important musician between the two wars, the only one who had on some occasions attained an absolute esthetic success.

The *serial athematism* glimpsed by Webern and fully achieved in the first works of Boulez seems to us to be, taken by itself, the most radical break with the past since the suspension of the tonal system effected by Schoenberg around 1910. However, Boulez, in what he writes, has always been careful to connect his own conception to the past. He has done the job of a theorist and historian by enumerating in the work of his great predecessors the tendencies, the examples, and the discoveries that seem to him to point out the way for music to follow. "What was there for us to do," he was to write later, "but gather together what our elders had elaborated and left at our disposal?" (We are quoting from memory.) That is just what he did. He showed, in a coherent and supple language, how it was possible to organize the scattered findings of the day before—Schoenberg's twelve-tone row, Stravinsky's rhythmic asymmetry, Webern's sense of timbres and spatial geometry—in the service of a "musical poetics" that derived incontestably from Debussy.

Thus, there came into being a new conception of music, solidly based on an expanded serial system, which was to encompass progressively the different musical parameters—pitches, time values, timbres, intensities, attacks, tempos. Boulez himself has defined this new conception as "the madness of the irrational." The works of Boulez, from the "Deuxième Sonate pour piano" (1947-48)—which remains, in our opinion, one of the most important—to "Structures" (1952-56), began to put into effect this occupation of a virgin part of human territory, sometimes by means of a free style, on the verge of improvisation, and sometimes by a rigorous one.

The most widely known work of Boulez, "Le Marteau sans Maitre" (1953-56), brings into play a female voice and several instruments which, by their choice and treatment, call to mind orchestras of the Far East. This marriage between Asia and the West—which seems to us open to criticism to the extent that it reduces the creator's margin of pure invention, particularly where rhythm is concerned (to the extent, also, that it evokes sonorities which do not sound any the less archaic for being exotic)—this marriage has given the work of Boulez a very special charm that has not failed to impress the European public

Pierre Boulez—"first great figure."

and, quite recently, the public of a large California city (Los Angeles).

Rarely has a composer acquired so quickly an influence that was felt from the beginning outside the limits of his own country. In France, Michel Philippot, Maurice Le Roux, Michel Fano; in Germany, Karheinz Stockhausen; in Italy, Bruno Maderna, Luigi Berio, Luigi Nono; in Sweden, Bo Nilsson; in Belgium, Henri Pousseur—all have been more or less marked by Boulez's esthetic. It is appropriate to add, on another level, that Boulez has taken the initiative in the organization of concerts which, since 1954, have broken the straitjacket of conformity that the usual programs imposed upon the Parisian public. It was this series of concerts, called the Domaine Musical, that saw the creation last year of the work we consider the most significant of all this new music—"Séquence," by Jean Barraqué.

Although Jean Barraqué (born in 1928) showed in his first works a precocity equal to that of Boulez, his name has been known to the public for only a short time. "Séquence," composed in 1950 and revised in 1955, has been performed several times in Germany this year and has aroused enthusiastic reactions. Like "Le Marteau sans Maitre," "Séquence" is neither a cantata nor a piece of chamber music. In form, this singular composition is most like a concerto for solo instruments in which the voice, subjected to an almost instrumental discipline, has no more importance than the piano or the violin which gravitate around it. By using texts of Nietzsche, it seems that Barraqué has merely wished to honor a form of thought and sensitivity that has al-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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MUSIC IN YOUR POCKET

By EDWARD JABLONSKI and EDITH GARSON

WITH THE recent stream of paperback books in the quality field, the arts, sciences, and non-Mike Hammer brand of literature have come into the drug store, bringing a five-foot shelf of music books with them. Though more extensive than comprehensive, the paperback music library contains a good number of excellent titles, some reprints of books that have gone out of print and other new titles especially prepared for soft cover edition.

Not all is gold, of course, but the general level is high. Still there are obvious gaps, no doubt dictated by the economics of demand rather than availability of material. There is no general history of American music, for example, as there is of English music (even modern music) in the English Penguin Books series. There is not a single biography of an American composer; but, then, there is no Bach biography available, either. (But there must be a market for a paperback on George Gershwin, especially since the long out of print biography by Isaac Goldberg, with a little editing and up-dating, would serve the purpose.)

Broken down into categories it would seem that the field is fairly covered—at least ground is broken in all divisions. And some volumes of a rather special nature—such as Stravinsky's "Poetics of Music," Tovey's "The Forms of Music," and "An Elizabethan Song Book"—manage to be printed (or reprinted in the case of the first two) in reasonably durable and handsome editions. The material of these books makes them musts for the library of anyone seriously interested in music and record collecting.

One of the best introductory volumes, Aaron Copland's "What to Listen for in Music," is unfortunately no longer available in paperback form in this country, though Salter's "Going to a Concert" and Darrell's "Good Listening" fulfil somewhat the same function. Neither, however, approaches music from the inside so well as Copland has done. Mr. Salter's book is a paperback original designed specifically for the teenager and is happily free of the usual patronizing and popularizing tone one might associate with this kind of effort.

Of the assorted histories avilable, Einstein's "A Short History of Music" is outstanding. The British have led the way in coverage of their music and composers in two fine volumes (only in paperback), Blom's "Music in England" and the even more venturesome "British Music of Our Time," a compilation edited by A. L. Bacharach. One can only point out again, and regret, the lack of American counterparts of these excellent publications.

Strangely, there is a paucity of biographical paperbacks, the extant studies being limited to Beethoven, Berlioz, Mozart, and Purcell. Turner's "Mozart" is a valuable critical biography which had gone out of print in its original form; the present inexpensive edition is one of the riches of the paperback harvest. So is Barzun's "Berlioz and His Century," a one volume abridgement of his two volume "Berlioz and the Romantic Century," which not only recreates a man but an age. The musical giants absent from the biographical list are, of course, manifest.

One of the bonuses of the past Mozart year (along with a flood of recordings) is a wonderful single volume of "Mozart's Letters" edited by

(*Continued on page* 60)

Introductory
"Going to a Concert" by Lionel Salter (Penguin Puffin Story Book 85, 65¢).
"Good Listening" by R. D. Darrell (Mentor MD 122, 50¢).

History
"British Music of Our Time," Edited by A. L. Bacharach (Pelican A 156, 65¢).
"History of Music" by Hugh M. Miller (Barnes and Noble COS 55, $1.25).
"Music in England" by Eric Blom (Pelican A 107, 35¢).
"Philharmonic" by Thomas Russell (Pelican A 264, 50¢).
"A Popular History of Music" by Carter Harman (Dell C 102, 50¢).
"A Short History of Music" by Alfred Einstein (Vintage K-4, 95¢).

Biography
"Beethoven" by J. W. N. Sullivan (Mentor M 45, 35¢).
"Berlioz and his Century" by Jacques Barzun (Meridian M 30, $1.45).
"Mozart" by W. J. Turner (Anchor A 24, 95¢).
"Henry Purcell" by A. K. Holland (Penguin 679, 35¢).

Essays and Letters
"The Forms of Music" by Donald F. Tovey (Meridian M 36, $1.35).
"Mozart's Letters," Edited by Eric Blom (Pelican A 238, 85¢).
"Music Ho!" by Constant Lambert (Pelican A 195, 65¢).
"Poetics of Music" by Igor Stravinsky (Vintage K 39, 95¢).
"Shaw on Music," Edited by Eric Bentley (Anchor A 53, 95¢).

Reference
"A Dictionary of Music" by Robert Illing (Penguin R 4, 65¢).
"The Symphony," Edited by Ralph Hill (Pelican A 204, 85¢).
"The Concerto," Edited by Ralph Hill (Pelican A 249, 85¢).
"Pocket Encyclopedia of Music" by Harry Dexter and Raymond Tobin (The Wisdom Library, $1.45)

Opera
"Gilbert and Sullivan Operas" (Avon A-228, 25¢).
"Introduction to Opera," Edited by Mary Ellis Peltz (Barnes & Noble Everyday Handbook 262, $1.65).
"Opera" by Edward J. Dent (Pelican A 150, 50¢).
"The Pocket Book of Great Operas" by Henry W. Simon and Abraham Veinus (Pocket Book PL 21, 35¢).
"Stories of Famous Operas" by Harold Vincent Milligan (Signet KD331, 50¢)
"Stories of the Great Operas," by Milton Cross. (Permabooks M-5004, 50¢).

Folk Song
"American Folk Tales and Songs" by Richard Chase (Signet KD 340, 50¢).
"The Burl Ives Song Book" by Burl Ives (Ballantine 48, 50¢).
"Burl Ives Sea Songs" (Ballantine 146, 35¢).
"The Pocket Treasury of American Folklore" by B. A. Botkin (Pocket Book 684, 35¢).
"The Story of American Folk Song" by Russell Ames (Grosset & Dunlap Little Music Library, 95¢).
"A Treasury of Folk Songs," Edited and compiled by Sylvia and John Kolb (Bantam A 1227, 35¢).

Jazz
"Jazz" by Rex Harris (Pelican A 247, 50¢).
"Mister Jelly Roll" by Alan Lomax (Grove Evergreen E-35, $1.45).
"Really The Blues" by Milton Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe (Dell D 118, 35¢).
"Satchmo" by Louis Armstrong (Signet S 1245, 35¢).

Discography
"The Long Playing Record Guide" by Warren DeMotte (Dell FE 75, 50¢).

Song Collections
"An Elizabethan Song Book," Edited by Noah Greenberg, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman (Anchor A 56, $1.25).
"God's Wonderful World" by Agnes Leckie Mason and Phyllis Brown Ohanian (Signet KD 315, 50¢).
"101 Favorite Hymns," Edited by James and Albert Morehead (Pocket Book 925, 25¢).
"The Penguin Part-Song Book," Selected by Leslie Newgate (Penguin Q 15, 95¢).
"The Penguin Song Book," Selected by Leslie Newgate (Penguin Q 14, 95¢).

Scores
(All Penguin)
Bach: "Brandenburg Concertos" (5)
Beethoven: "Coriolan" and "Egmont Overtures"; "Symphonies" (9)
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme of Haydn," "Violin Concerto in D"
Franck: "Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra"
Haydn: "Symphonies No. 94, 100, 101, and 104"
Mendelssohn: "Overtures: A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave"; "Violin Concerto in E Minor"
Mozart: "Overtures: The Magic Flute and Don Giovanni"; "Symphonies No. 39, 40, 41"
Schubert: "Symphony No. 8"
Schumann: "Piano Concerto in A Minor"
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Wagner: "Die Meistersinger Overture"; "Siegfried Idyll"
Weber: "Overtures: 'Der Freischütz' and 'Oberon'"

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"MARIA, RENATA, AND ZINKA"

SOUND COUNTS

HERBERT WEINSTOCK'S brilliant "Maria, Renata, Zinka . . . and Leonora" (*SR* Apr. 13) fails to attach sufficient significance to the tastes of today's average opera ticket buyer and record collector who is not interested truthfully in art *per se*, drama, acting ability, personality, even the dictates of the composer or anything else except vocal *sound*. In this latter attribute Milanov and Tebaldi both have a purity of tone that at times is ear-ravishing. That Zinka is an incompetent actress or that Renata takes brazen liberties with tempi to the point of seeming to be directing the orchestra does not matter. Their voices alone are *carte blanche* to all kinds of seemingly unpardonable artistic errors.

Who is to say that there is not a place in our New Golden Age of Opera for their magnificent voices together with Callas's all-around histrionic and vocal genius?

ALAN W. AGOL.

Visalia, Calif.

ERRONEOUS ASSUMPTION

HERBERT WEINSTOCK'S reasoning stems from an assumption which is erroneous; therefore, his conclusions have no validity. "Callas's voice, of phenomenal agility, is as luscious as could be desired in its middle and lower registers, but sometimes thins out to stridency or widens to hollowness at the top. Quite simply, Callas marshals every means at her command, of which singing is merely the most important, to summon up a human being under stress, never hesitating to sacrifice sensuousness for sense."

The above quotation contains a perfect analysis of Callas's voice for lower, middle, and high registers. However, for Mr. Weinstock to state that what one hears from the high register is artistry is merely an opinion not shared by many who have heard the voice. It is both my opinion and of others that what we hear is simply bad singing. No matter what the role, Callas's upper register always contains the same flaws—the same horrible sound! The voice is technically imperfect.

HERBERT J. GLASS.

Urbana, Ill.

LUCIA OR LADY MACBETH

WEINSTOCK states Milanov doesn't enter into the part, but is this any worse than overacting as many feel Callas does? Or to completely misconceive the character as she does so often, distorting it into her highly personal ideas? If Milanov never seems to become the character, as Mr. Weinstock says, just as surely the character becomes Maria Callas, which is worse. Her "Lucia," for instance, is not Lucia . . . if anything, it is Medea or Lady Macbeth.

CLIFFORD BRIER.

Lisle, Ill.

SING *AND* ACT

IT OCCURS to me that it is deplorable to have to choose between an excellent singer who acts only superficially and an actor or actress with an unpleasant, though usable voice. It would seem that the ideal operatic performer is one who can both sing *and* act—on equally high levels. This is not easy to find, but we do have a few excellent examples at the Metropolitan Opera right now in Cesare Siepi, Nell Rankin, George London and Antonietta Stella.

ALAN C. WAGNER.

New York, N.Y.

THANK YOU!

MR. WEINSTOCK has written a most just, fair and excellent report on the vocal qualities and personalities of these three gifted singers. So rarely has Madame Callas in the American press been awarded the *artistic* place she truly deserves. So rarely has Mme. Tebaldi been awarded her place as a *beautiful* prima donna who enthrals but unevenly!! And Zinka is placed where her talents and *use* of them in relation to the other two is seen. It's a *difficult* job to assess these three in honest appraisal and to be willing to sign one's name to the article!!! but you have done just that—*so very well*.

I attended the opening Metropolitan night when "Norma" was superbly sung by Maria—and heard her again the following Saturday on my regular subscription performance there. Both were "out of this world" and my first hearing of her—in the flesh! I *do* think she is an artist *without equal*—even tho an unkind press did keep her "foibles" in the headlines.

Renata I have heard (only at Metropolitan) in "Otello" with Del Monaco—a performance I shall treasure to my dying day—but in "Traviata" this past week she could easily be surpassed by others.

Zinka has done yeoman service through the years, but usually leaves me "cold"—despite the "bravos" and applause her claque affords her. Sometimes she *is* good, but only on some occasions.

I'm a poor one to be *critical*—but when I see in print my very own ideas expressed so *faithfully* as you—with fairness to *all three ladies*—I do want to say *Thank you* to *You*!

ESTHER WEIGHTMAN BOWER.

Red Bank, N. J.

SHRILL PETULANCY

HERBERT WEINSTOCK is entitled to his preference for Maria Callas but, in his anxiety to "make his case," he commits the ancient error of thinking that the musical reputation of one singer can only be built upon the ruins of the reputation of other singers. His denigration of Miss Callas's foremost Leonora competitors does nothing to enhance Miss Callas's voice. Miss Callas, Weinstock acknowledges, does not hesitate to "sacrifice sensuousness for dramatic sense" and this he prefers to the on-pitch, tonally pure singing of Tebaldi and Milanov. Well, Mr. Weinstock, as I say, is entitled to his own taste in the matter, but he might have added that Miss Callas frequently sacrifices more than "sensuousness" when she dramatizes; she frequently sacrifices beauty. And since the medium under consideration is opera recordings, we may question whether Mr. Weinstock's excited enthusiasm for "operatic protagonists wholly gripped by dramatic crises" is, as he implies, one that all but the most stupid listener must share with him.

A great many of us, I am sure, like all three sopranos, each of them for a different reason. Mr. Weinstock's shrill petulancy on behalf of Miss Callas seems rather out of place in *SR's* music department which has, in the past, presented some great musically knowledgeable articles on Gieseking, Chopin interpreters, Toscanini, etc.

DONALD MCDONALD, *Editor*.
The Catholic Messenger.

Davenport, Iowa.

CALLAS-JERITZA

I MANAGE TO buy a few recordings and—though I owned another—the recent Callas "Trovatore" was among them. It didn't strike me as quite the experience that it did you, but I enjoy it and the soprano in it. The portion of your article which prompts this, however, was that dealing with Garden and Chaliapin, in whom, as in other virtuosi of the past, I am somewhat interested. You stress the likeness of Callas and Garden (exclusive of repertoire), and I wonder if there is not an even greater similarity between much of Callas's art and that of the never-forgotten Maria Jeritza.

DAVID BEAMS.

Iowa City, Iowa.

FABULOUS EXPRESSION

I HAVE BEEN listening to opera, both on the stage and recordings, for the past thirty years and have often wondered what the great operatic stars of the past must have been like to cause oldtimers to speak of them with so much emotion. Their records failed to move me consistently so I had concluded we were either being deluded or the performances of these artists had left lasting impressions which no recording methods could ever reproduce.

Now the secret has been revealed to me, because I know nothing can reproduce the electricity generated in watching Callas fall to her knees in the last act of "Norma" while, with consummate vocal skill, she heartbreakingly pleads for her children; or in seeing her slowly turn toward the audience to let them share her thoughts while she sings "Vissi d'arte." Nor shall I forget the union of both fabulous vocal expression and action in Callas's Mad Scene from "Lucia," conveying the horrors of a mind gone astray.

CHARLES F. REILLY.

Jersey City, N.J.

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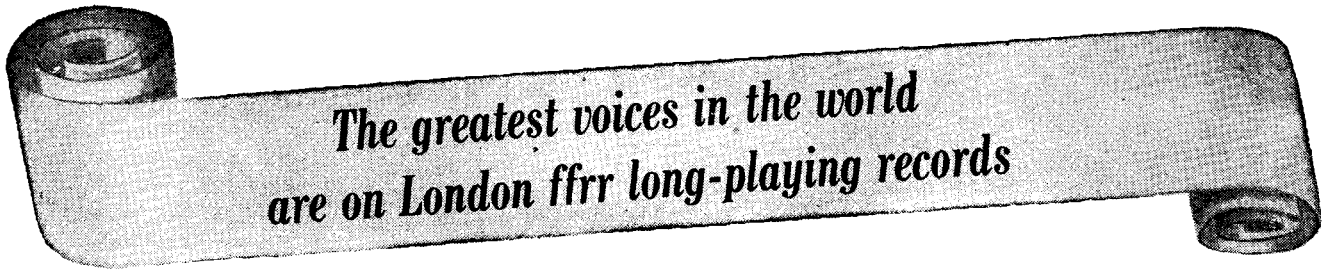

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LL-1580 $3.98

LISA DELLA CASA OPERATIC RECITAL

Giulio Cesare—Hast du mich ganz berauscht (Handel); Giulio Cesare — Es blaut die Nacht (Handel); Giulio Cesare—Breite sus, die gnäd'gen ande (Handel); Giulio Cesare—Weine nur, Klage nur (Handel); Giulio Cesare—Heil und sicher kam mein Nachen (Handel); Don Giovanni—In quali eccesi . . . Mi tradi (Mozart); Don Giovanni—Ah! fuggi il traditor (Mozart); Don Giovanni—Crudele . . . Non mi dir (Mozart); Cosi Fan Tutte—Per pièta ben mio (Mozart); Nozze di Figaro—Dove sono (Mozart). *With The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductors: Heinrich Hollreiser; Josef Krips; Karl Böhm; Erich Kleiber.* LL-1576 $3.98

LISA DELLA CASA LIEDER RECITAL

Auf dem Wasser zu singen (Schubert) (Opus 72); Im Frühling (Schubert); Du bist die Ruh' (Schubert) (Opus 59, No. 3); Gretchen am Spinnrade (Schubert) (Opus 2); Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Brahms) (Opus 105, No. 2); Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Brahms) (Opus 105); Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms) (Opus 43, No. 1); Ständchen (Brahms) (Opus 106, No. 1); Der Gärtner (Wolf); Begegnung (Wolf); Geh Geliebter, geh jetzt (Wolf); Er ist's (Wolf); Einerlei (Strauss) (Opus 69, No. 3); Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden (Strauss) (Op. 68); Schlechtes Wetter (Strauss) (Op. 69, No. 5); Befreit (Strauss) (Op. 39, No. 4). *With Karl Hudez (piano).* LL-1535 $3.98

HILDE GUEDEN RECITAL OF RICHARD STRAUSS LIEDER

Einerlei (Opus 69, No. 3); Säusle, liebe Myrte (Opus 68, No. 3); Der Stern (Opus 69, No. 1); Schlechtes Wetter (Opus 69, No. 5); Ich wollt' ein Sträusslein binden (Opus 68, No. 2); Als mir dein Lied erklang (Opus 68, No. 4); Freundliche Vision (Opus 48, No. 1); Schlagende Herzen (Opus 29, No. 2); Heimkehr (Opus 15, No. 5); Befreit (Opus 39, No. 4); Die Nacht (Opus 10, No. 3); Wie sollten wir geheim sie hilten (Opus 19, No. 4); Meinem Kinde (Opus 37, No. 3). *With Friedrich Gulda (piano).* LL-1591 $3.98

ANITA CERQUETTI OPERATIC RECITAL

Aida—O Patria mia (Verdi); I Vespri Siciliani—Bolero (Verdi); Norma—Casta Diva (Bellini); Agnese di Hohenstaufen—O Re dei cieli (Spontini); Nabucco — Anch'io dischiuso un giorno (Verdi); Ernani—Ernani involami (Verdi); Tosca—Vissi d'Arte (Puccini); Forza del Destino—Pace, pace mio Dio (Verdi). *With Orchestra of Maggio Musicale, Fiorentino. Conductor: Gianandrea Gavazzeni.* LL-1601 $3.98

RENATA TEBALDI RECITAL OF SONGS AND ARIAS

Leggiadri Occhi belli (Anonymous); Le Violette (A. Scarlatti); Piangerò la sorte mia (Handel); Lungi dal caro bene (Sarti); La promessa (Rossini); Dolente imagine di fille mia (Bellini); Vanne, o Rosa fortunata (Bellini); Stornello (Verdi); Al folto bosco (Martucci); Cantava il Ruscello (Martucci); Sur mar la Navicella (Martucci); A la Barcillunisa (Favara); Passo e non ti vedo (Massetti); Cantares (Turina); *With Giorgio Favaretto (piano).* LL-1571 $3.98

FERNANDO CORENA OPERATIC BUFFO RECITAL No. 2

La Cenerentola—Miei rampolli femminini (Rossini); Italiana in Algeri—Ho un gran peso sulla testa (Rossini); Matrimonio Segreto—Udite, tutti, udite (Cimarosa); La Cenerentola—Sia qualunque delle figlie (Rossini); Grisélidis—Loin de sa femme qu'on est bien (Massenet); Le Caid—Air du Tambour-Major (Thomas); Le pas d'armes du Roi Jean (Saint-Saens); Philémon et Baucis—Au bruit des Lourds (Gounod); Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein—Piff Paff (Offenbach). *With Orchestra of Maggio Musicale Fiorentino. Conductor: Gianandrea Gavazzeni and l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Conductor: James Walker.*
LL-1636 $3.98

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD GRIEG RECITAL

Jeg elsker dig (Opus 5, No. 3); Eros (Opus 70, No. 1); Millom rosor (Opus 39, No. 4); Der gynger en baad paa bolge (Opus 69, No. 1); Bytten (Opus 18, No. 3); Der forste mode (Opus 21, No. 1); Jeg giver mit digt til våren (Opus 21, No. 3); Med en primula veris (Opus 26, No. 4); Med en vandlilje (Opus 25, No. 4); En drom (Opus 48, No. 6); Liden boit deroppe (Opus 39, No. 3); Fra Monte Pincio (Opus 39, No. 1); Liden Kirsten (Opus 60, No. 1); Den Aerojerrige (Opus 26, No. 3). *With Edwin McArthur (piano).*
LL-1547 $3.98

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD RECITAL OF BACH AND HANDEL ARIAS

Sheep May Safely Graze (Bach); Break In Grief (Bach); Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (Bach); If Thou Be Near (Bach); God all Powerful from Radamisto (Handel); O Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me from Semele (Handel); He Shall Feed His Flock from Messiah (Handel); I Know That My Redeemer Liveth from Messiah (Handel); Praise Ye The Lord from Cantata (Handel). *With The London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult.*
LL-1641 $3.98

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—Fayer-Wien.

Yurg Boukoff—"excellently schooled and meticulously honest."

PROKOFIEV'S NINE

By ABRAM CHASINS

IN THE fall of 1918, an eager, gaunt young Russian with reddish blond hair, owl-eyes, and flapping ears was brought to our home by friends who said that he was about to make his New York debut in Aeolian Hall within a few weeks. We had hardly enough time to learn that his name was Sergei Prokofiev before he ran to the piano without being asked and immediately sat down, mumbling something in Russian. I caught the words, "My compositions," and I remember being fascinated by his strange music and excited by his vital playing.

He played for almost an hour, going from one piece to another without pauses, without naming anything, and superbly indifferent to our reactions. But when he stopped, our enthusiasm seemed to please him greatly. It brought a flushed smile and another hour of his enticing music. A few years later, when I began to know Prokofiev's music intimately, I identified the works he had played as his C major Prelude, Toccata op. 11, First, Second, and Third Piano Sonatas, some of the "Visions Fugitives," and excerpts from his First Piano Concerto and orchestral "Scythian Suite." Sitting almost motionless, he made the instrument speak with tremendous intensity and lyric power.

After he played he talked, and with equal power. Molding each phrase with huge hands, he grew terribly tense as he confided that he wanted to create "an entirely new music." This he did not quite do, but he did create his own music and some of it is easily among the finest music of our time. And some of it is easily disturbing too, for it shows how environment can adversely affect human thought and emotion, even when they reside in so undeniable a musical genius as Prokofiev.

Like many another creator who was a formidable pianist, Prokofiev brought the gamut of his compositional characteristics to the music written for his own instrument. His thought and technique and evolution, the worst and the best of the man and the artist—everything is to be found in the nine published piano sonatas that were spaced throughout forty years of his creative activity now issued in a homogeneous collection for the first time with Yurg Boukoff performing (Westminster XWN 18369-71, $11.94).

The First Sonata (incubated fifty years ago) is the work of a brilliant and romantic teen-ager. Although unashamedly eclectic, it already discloses pianistic, melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic touches that have Prokofiev's unmistakable signature all over them. The Second is an omen of things to come. Romantic and realistic, lyrical and percussive, sentimental and satirical, all at the same time or in fascinating juxtaposition, its idiom reveals an *enfant terrible* reconciling with startling boldness and rightness the age-old struggles between matter and manner, instinct and culture.

Prokofiev's primary and most contrasting qualities are beautifully synthesized in his Third Sonata, a one-movement gem in which his purest expressiveness, power, and humor are perfectly fused. Full of enchanting originality and ingenuity, it is marked by exquisitely proportioned unity and faultless fancy.

Completed in the same year (1917), the Fourth Sonata is equally resourceful and artistic, both as music and as a structure. Its greater length and seriousness may account for its lesser popularity. But it remains a stunning and coherent expression of a richly endowed artist who has found his own identity and has become a master workman. Even when a rhythmic idea monopolizes Prokofiev or roguish laughter seizes him or violent harmonization beats against the barriers of his essential romanticism, he still stays faithful in his fashion to his tonal traditions.

Almost five years elapsed before the Fifth Sonata was born. Meanwhile, Prokofiev wandered abroad, at first via Japan, Honolulu, and San Francisco, to New York. He had left a social revolution at home only to find a musical revolution raging abroad. Its aims were the overthrow of romantic ideals and the repudiation of art as a symbol of interior emotion. Its capital was Paris and its leader Igor Stravinsky.

NOT the Stravinsky of the primitive power and deep humanity of "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petrouchka," and "Sacre du Printemps," but the anointed idol of an international group of post-war composers who were turning out ultra-modern experiments. All of them were writing flagrant imitations of Stravinsky.

None of the younger composers escaped, and Prokofiev was no exception. When he left our shores for Europe in 1922, he first settled in Bavaria and there produced his Fifth Sonata. It might be subtitled Genius Deflected. Despite the presence of "Prokofian" themes, rhythms and harmonizations, the music is pervaded by mechanical device, weak material twisted and extended beyond its capacity, and spiritual barrenness.

After a decade spent in Paris, except for concert tours that took him elsewhere, Prokofiev returned to Soviet Russia. There, from 1939 to 1944, he completed his Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Sonatas. These three "War

(*Continued on page 58*)

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PRE-PRE-BACH

THIRTEENTH CENTURY CHANSONS AND MOTETS; Notre Dame Organa; DE MACHAUT: Secular Works, Mass; VON WOLKENSTEIN: Songs, Glogauer Liederbuch Excerpts; DUNSTABLE: Motets; OKEGHEM: Chansons; GASTOLDI: Balletti; JANNEQUIN: Chansons; GIBBONS: Anthems, Madrigals, Fantasies; FRESCOBALDI: Keyboard Music; HANDEL: Nine German Arias; HANDEL: Two Oboe Concertos, Concerto Grosso, Op. 3 Nr. 3, Music for the Royal Fireworks. Archive, ARC 3051, 3032, 3033, 3052, 3034, 3053, 3054, 3042, 3059, $5.98 each.

THE DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON Gesellschaft Archive Series has opened our ears to areas of musical creation rarely covered in recordings before. From those already at hand we can view a cross-section of more than five centuries of European music, at the same time preview the aims and accomplishments of the German firm. The earliest composition in the set are by Leoninus and Perotinus, the first choirmasters to function in the present Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and represented respectively by "Judea et Jerusalem" and "Sederunt Principes." Both works are exceptionally fine examples of the style practised by these composers; the immense "Sederunt," about the length of the first movement of the "Eroica," is astounding in the richness and coherence achieved by what to our thick-skinned twentieth century perception seem like such slender means. The performances are by the Brussels Pro Musica Antiqua under Safford Cape. Other conductors have preferred to use instruments, both wind and percussion, in support of their singers, partly out of deference to the extremely long notes that have to be held, and to make the understanding of the larger rhythmic divisions easier. Mr. Cape, however, uses first five male singers. Not all of the reasons he gives for doing so are persuasive—it seems very likely, for example, that in these pieces a festive brilliance was sought rather than "extraordinary majesty and unworldliness"—but the performance itself pervades.

At any rate, there is no doubt of the worldliness of the troubadour and trouvère songs on the other side of this record, nor of the thirteenth century motets that follow them. Mr. Cape has chosen a good selection suggesting all the moods and manners encompassed by medieval song, and members of his group sing and play them delightfully.

That the music of fourteenth-century France should be harder for us to approach than that of the thirteenth may perhaps seem strange, but the Middle Ages in music was a period above all of expanding techniques: polyphony was still so new and musicians were greatly preoccupied with learning its language, and they took such joy in their increasing skill and virtuosity at handling the new resources that music soon attained a degree of structural and technical sophistication unsurpassed since. Guillaume de Machaut was one of the most dazzling of the virtuosi, and in skill and imagination he was clearly gifted beyond any of his contemporaries. Much of his music seems capricious, particularly in its rhythm, but one can no more dismiss him as a "mere technician" than can one Bach or Schoenberg. His music is both unusually demanding and rewarding. A group of secular pieces and his Mass (the first complete setting by one composer) are sung and played well by the Brussels Pro Musica Antiqua.

Oswald von Wolkenstein (*c.* 1377-1445) has often been quite cavalierly treated in music histories, probably because much of his music consists of adaptations of existing French and Italian songs in which he merely substituted German words for his own. These "contrafacts" are, however, quite charming, and his original compositions are very striking indeed. Wolkenstein left home when only ten, spent some forty years fighting and singing and playing his way all over Europe, learning ten languages during the process, living the colorful life of a man of unusual violence and unusual sensibility. His own adventures gave him material for autobiographical songs for which he developed a narrative-declamatory style of singular thrust, with a subdued power that anticipates Wagner's ways with such matter—a passage that comes to mind is Wotan's "Als junger Liebe Lust mir verblich" in "Walkuere's" second act, a parallel that is the more amusing, if not significant, for the fact that Oswald von Wolkenstein, too, had sacrificed an eye in combat.

The poet-composer's interpreter here is a superb tenor named Bernhard Michaelis, who with Lotte Wolf-Matthaeus, alto, is accompanied by a fine-sounding group of lutes, fiddles, recorders, as well as a krummhorn, tambourin, and hurdy-gurdy. The songs on the other side of the record, taken from the later Glogau Song Book, are much less interesting, and the performances by another group of German singers and players are rather slack and unrhythmical. Other fifteenth-century selections recorded include a group of motets by John Dunstable and five French chansons by Johannes Okeghem, sung and played by Safford Cape's Pro Musica Antiqua.

ANOTHER record contains twelve Balletti by Giovanni Gastoldi; perhaps the most unsophisticated music produced in the Renaissance, they are the source-material for the familiar English fa-las. On the reverse side there are some chansons by Clément Jannequin, a tantalizing seven out of the 287 we know he wrote. Jannequin was a great master of vocal program music, and two of his most elaborate genre pieces are recorded here including music's most brilliant aviary, "Le Chant des Oysseaux," and "La Guerre," written to celebrate the victory of Francis I at the Battle of Melegnano in 1515 and one of the most widely distributed, re-arranged, and pirated compositions of the sixteenth century. Once again, Safford Cape is in charge, and while the Italian pronunciation in the Gastoldi is unmistakably Bruxellois, everything else about the singing is good. No other group has voices that are at once so professionally accomplished and yet maintain so truly "amateur" a sound—diction and intonation are excellent, but the singers use far less vibrato than most trained professionals.

The result is a transparency of sound that serves to convey letter and spirit perfectly, and that has kept the Pro Musica Antiqua unsurpassed in the performance of the French Renaissance repertoire.

Thirteen compositions by Orlando Gibbons represent Elizabethan and Jacobean England. There are instrumental fantasies, secular vocal pieces

(*Continued on page* 61)

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Recordings in Review

Cheers for Cerquetti

VERDI: *"O Patria mia" ("Aïda"), "Mercè, dilette amiche" ("I Vespri Siciliani"), "Ernani, involami" ("Ernani"), "Pace, pace mio Dio" ("La Forza del Destino"), and "Anch'io dischiuso un giorno" ("Nabucco").* BELLINI: *"Casta diva" ("Norma").* SPONTINI: *"O Re dei Cieli" ("Agnes von Hohenstaufen"), and* PUCCINI: *"Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"). Anita Cerquetti, soprano, with orchestra and chorus of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni.* London LL 1601, $3.98.

WHATEVER THE FUTURE holds for Anita Cerquetti, this is a disc that collectors will be buying and listening to for years: a sumptuous, spreading, youthful voice, capable of a wide open, unconstricted top in "O Patria Mia" with a real dramatic impact and yet of the softly drawn outline of "Casta diva." If Tebaldi, Callas, and Milanov have done no more than provide a mark for such younger singers as Cerquetti to equal (or, God willing, surpass), they will have enriched us mightily.

The quality of the voice is bright, slightly steely, and not without a slight wobble in the lower register, but it has something we have not heard, perhaps, since Ljuba Welitsch at her best—a really exciting dramatic timbre and the ability to dominate an orchestral background without forcing or strain. The embellishments of the delightful bolero from "Vespri Siciliani" are cleanly turned, "Casta diva" an invocation sung from the heart as well as from the throat, with a beautifully supported pianissimo. "Ernani involami" lacks, unfortunately, the closing *cabaletta,* but it is otherwise a version to compare closely with the excellent one of Ina Souez; and even in the much sung "Pace, pace" Cerquetti is capable not only of a fine effort, but one personal to her.

Cerquetti—"sumptuous, spreading."

As for the largely unfamiliar matter from "Nabucco" and "Agnes von Hohenstaufen," both have abundant musical interest as well as opportunities for Cerquetti to exhibit more aspects of her remarkable equipment. Those who have seen her in Chicago ("Ballo in Maschera" last fall) and in Italy confirm that she is carrying far more weight than suits a dramatic illusion for any known operatic soprano role, but that is a problem for another day. Today's needs are quite amply answered by the fervor and sweep of her interpretative sense, a musicality not often encountered in this literature and a strong sense of word values. Gavazzeni does his work capably, and the FFRR engineers had the microphones alerted for outstanding results.

Schubert a la Hongroise

SCHUBERT: *Quartet in G, opus 161. Hungarian Quartet.* Angel 45004, $3.98.

THERE ARE TIMES when a professional listener loses his identity in an absorption with the task at hand, and should pay for the privilege like anyone else deriving enjoyment from a record. Such times I would cite as the first listening to this performance, to see if all of it was as good as the first measures promised: the second time, to see if it was as good as it seemed the first time: and the third time, just to hear it again.

"It," of course, is one of the most deliriously beautiful works ever written by Schubert or anyone else—and the suggestion of delirium derives from the content, which could hardly be thought out as it exists on paper, with one gush of melody succeeding another. What is most absorbing is the capacity Schubert shows in this work (he died two years after it was written) to see his own depressions (expressed through the mournful turns of the first movement, the funereal tread of the second) in perspective, and rise above them in the flying phrases of the finale. It could only have been created in a seizure of some kind, in which the "real" world blacked out and he lived within the four staves of the quartet score-paper.

If some mention be made of the improvisatory, chromatically inflected turns of thought (in the first and second movements, particularly) being of a Hungarian character and thus the more suitable for the players involved, I hope no one will extend this suitability to the Budapest quartet, whose version is the only other one available. They play it very well, but with a broader swell, a wider vibrato befitting the players' all-Russian background.

A Touch of the "New Sodd"

BOYDELL: *Megalithic Ritual Dances.* BODLEY: *Music for Strings.* MAY: *Suite of Irish Airs.* POTTER: *Variations on a Popular Tune.* KELLY: *Three Pieces for Strings.* DUFF: *Irish Suite for Strings, etc. Milan Horvath conducting the radio EIREANN Symphony Orchestra.* Decca DL 9843-4, $3.98 each.

THOUGH IRELAND is famous as one of the most musical of lands, its concert music is as nothing (abroad) as compared with even Finland, an anachronism that bears some investigation. While the investigation is in process, the sophisticated listener can find some answers of his own in these admirably produced, beautiful sounding discs.

Apparently, the order of presentation relates to the area of brow represented, for disc 1 begins with a series of dances by Brian Boydell, which has all the "moderne" aspects of a work first performed on February 12 of last year. It continues with Seoirse Bodley's more relaxed "Ceól do Théada" (as the Gaelic has it) and moves into really agreeable territory with Frederick May's "Suite of Irish Airs." However, it is disc 2, with its largely folk-derived contents, which provides sumptuous melodies and jaunty rhythms processed for orchestral use by A. J. Potter's "Variations" (a work not unlike Alfven's "Midsummer Vigil"), Thomas C. Kelly's "Three Pieces for Strings," and particularly Arthur Duff's "Irish Suite." Along with some Graingerish touches, the latter has a wit and humor of its own to complement the distinctive melodic content. Credit is also owing to Fachta O'Hanrahan's apt annotations.

Those who might judge, from the finely disciplined, sensitively shaped performances that Milan Horvath is a proud son of County Horvath ready to carry the fame of Irish art abroad will find interest in the information that he is a Yugoslav by birth, and has served the Zagreb Philharmonic

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before coming to Dublin in 1953. Now in his thirty-eighth year, Horvath is clearly a superior musician, who has noted with profit the results achieved by such other string specialists as Boyd Neel and Karl Muenchinger (also, perhaps, Mantovani and Kostelanetz). The Deutsche Grammophon recording is excellent.

Bach Completed by Milstein

BACH: *Partitas (B minor, D minor, E major) and Sonatas (G minor, A minor and C major). Nathan Milstein, violin.* Capitol PCR 8370, $11.94.

AS THOSE WHO HAVE followed his career will remember, Nathan Milstein was a greatly admired Bach player when his playing of other landmarks of the violin literature left room for improvement. Now that he has become something of a paragon in Beethoven and Brahms as well as Bruch, his Bach has added elements of subtlety and projection that it did not possess previously, which means that it is as good as can be heard from any violinist known to us.

The special virtue of Milstein, it seems to me, is that he possesses virtuosity in greater measure than most of the "musical" violinists, and musicality in greater measure than most of the virtuosi. In the first category, for example, I would put the Bach playing of Georges Enesco and Alexander Schneider, each notable for fervor and unflagging pursuit of thematic essence, but marred by rough sound in the climaxes; in the second, the Bach playing of Jascha Heifetz, which has infinite ease of execution as a primary virtue, but idiosyncrasies of style as a secondary failing.

It is a distinction of Milstein that he rarely takes the easy course of playing the "Chaconne" alone in his recitals, seeing it rather as one element of the D minor partita. That same trait of seeing the works whole rather than as a collection of isolated movements gives congruity and continuity to each of the six works, with the gravity appropriate to the adagio of the G minor as available as the sparkle for the Bourree of the E major or the pithy accents of the "double" to the corrente of the B minor.

Throughout the tone is lustrous, the intonation (with a few inevitable exceptions) just, the gradations and colorations of sound masterfully applied. Save for some excess of background sound (especially in the E major), the recording is a model of resonance and clarity, as Karl Geiringer's annotations are of scholarship and sense.

Commissioned by Boston

MARTINU: *"Fantaisies Symphoniques."* PISTON: *Symphony No. 6. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 2083, $3.98.

WHATEVER THE judgment of his day-to-day direction of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, there is clear evidence that Charles Munch is fulfilling the grand design of leadership for the Boston Symphony Orchestra laid down by the late Serge Koussevitzky. Scarcely a season passes without its quota of challenging novelties, and when the season is an anniversary one (such as the Seventy-fifth, between fall 1955 and spring 1956) the commissioned works have enriched the repertory no little.

The two of the present disc have attracted attention abroad as well as at home. Piston's work was received with more than a little respect, even admiration, when it was played in Edinburgh during the tour that took the orchestra to Moscow, and Martinu's was awarded the accolade of "masterpiece" by the critic of the Parisian "L'Aurore."

Whether masterpiece or submasterpiece, both have their substantial interests, which are fully realized in Munch's direction. Piston's flair for orchestral writing is here mated with a substance he has not always commanded, though I feel the finale to be a somewhat forced kind of exuberance. The Martinu has its own special kind of integrity, a spinning out of a web which is, perhaps, never too strong at any one particular point, but is all of a piece and with no weaknesses. Oddly enough, for all the esteem Martinu enjoys in musical circles and the extent of his orchestral catalogue, this is one of his first major works to be recorded. Even in music the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong: his music, certainly, will be played when much of today's more facile production is forgotten. Excellent performance throughout, and keen, clear reproduction.

"Perichole," in Part

OFFENBACH: *"La Perichole." Cyril Ritchard, Patrice Munsel, and Theodor Uppman, with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and chorus directed by Jean Morel.* Metropolitan Opera Club (not for sale individually).

HAD I NOT seen the Metropolitan Opera's production of "La Perichole" and participated in the praise of it,

—*Boosey & Hawkes.*

Martinu—"special integrity."

this recording could leave me wondering what the clamor was about. To be sure, we miss the englamouring colors of Rolf Gerard's decor and the comic aspect of Cyril Ritchard's Viceroy of Peru, but the musical rendition has been tampered with enough to dull its sharp edge more than a little.

For a particular thing, Cyril Ritchard's view of his vocal problem has been changed from bland acceptance of futility to a brassy denial of incompetence. In other words, what was a particularly humorous aspect of his participation has been converted into a somewhat pathetic, not really listenable parody of singing.

When the concentration is upon that, especially in the voice of Miss Munsel (who makes every word as well as every note count), it succeeds better than previous Metropolitan Opera Club recordings I have heard, thanks to much better recording conditions and a professional usage of them. Uppman's Pacquillo diminishes in value when he, too, has to rely on voice alone, but it has some fine moments, notably in the duets and other ensembles. Ralph Herbert, Paul Franke, Heidi Krall, Madelaine Chambers, Rosalind Elias, Charles Anthony, Calvin Marsh, and Alessio de Paolis repeat their stage roles, mostly in that elaborate distortion of true enunciation that passes for English on the operatic stage. Obviously they didn't go to the same school in Peru that the Viceroy did.

Every so often Jean Morel gives us the real flavor of the high spirited (and tender) writing Offenbach poured into this score, no simple matter when continuity is interrupted for "excerpt" purposes. A French "Perichole" complete would certainly be welcomed by those who do their record buying at the store counters. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in E major. Henry Merckel, violin, with orchestra conducted by Kurt Redel. Concerto in A minor. Devy Erlih, violin, with same. Concerto in D minor. Merckel and Erlih, Redel conducting. DTL 93067, $4.98.	Of special interest in this generous collection (arrived at by dividing the "double" concerto between sides one and two) is the fine artistry of Merckel, a French violinist who has not had the prominence on discs that he merits. A suave rather than forceful player, he makes admirable contributions to the quality of both performances in which he takes part. Erlih is also an able violinist, but the Munich "Pro Arte" ensemble is rather harshly driven by Redel in the tuttis. Acceptable sound.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E flat. Igor Markevitch conducting the Symphony of the Air. Decca DL 9912, $3.98.	A serious, well-considered performance, which comes off better than the Brahms No. 1 issued last month. There is still an undue emphasis on the bass end which, in the surroundings of the Manhattan Center ballroom, tends to sound rough and over-accentuated. Taken all together, it does not qualify for the top category of "Eroicas" now available.
Berlioz: "Rob Roy," "Carnival Romain," and "Corsair" overtures. Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster W Lab 7051, $7.50.	Why the first of these has had to wait all this while for a recording can only be answered by those conductors who are content to let the "Carnaval Romain" stand for the whole orchestral output of Berlioz. In addition to its Scotch flavoring, "Rob Roy" contains the melodic essence of the later "Harold in Italy," the mournfully beautiful viola theme here sung by the Cor Anglais. The orchestra takes to it with enthusiasm, and the performance has a kind of excitement Boult rarely generates. Superior sound throughout, especially in "Rob Roy."
Chopin: Three Etudes (G flat, A minor and E flat minor), five Preludes (E minor, F sharp major, B minor, G sharp minor and B flat major), two Mazurkas (C major, opus 56 and 57); Respighi: "Rossiniana." Vladimir Golschmann conducting the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 5161, $3.98.	As is well known, a suitable hall is 50 per cent of a successful recording, and Columbia has unearthed a remarkable one in St. Louis to take the place of the never too suitable Keil auditorium. Customarily a place where the Würtzburger flows (hard by the Annhäuser-Busch), it is anything but dry in sound, and a lively frame for Golschmann's well prepared performances. Orchestrated Chopin is not an enthusiasm of mine, but it has its points in these well-considered, fine sounding selections. The Respighi shows the orchestra's woodwinds to special advantage.
Chopin: Concerto No. 2 in F minor. Liszt: Concerto No. 1 in E flat. Leonard Pennario, piano, with the Concert Arts Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Capitol P 8366, $3.98.	As in several other recent efforts, Pennario shows qualities to put him in the front rank of younger pianists, here or abroad. There is still a little more steely clang in his sound than pleases the ear and the subsurface tensions have difficulty in breaking through the glossy exterior, but the trend is in that direction. In both he is suitably supported by conductor Golschmann and the vaguely-named ensemble. The sound is clean, a little deficient in the overtones that provide resonance.
Creston: "Dance Overture;" Hively: "Summer Holiday;" Haufrecht: "Square Set" and Sanjuan: "La Macumba. Alfredo Antonini conducting orchestras of Oslo and Rome. Composers Recordings CRI 111, $4.98.	Creston's "Dance Overture" is easily the best of the miscellany contained on this disc, a work of quality and style to which Antonini gives effective service. The others seem hardly entitled to the honor of being recorded, some worthy qualities offset by others less interesting. Pedro Sanjuan's "Macumba" carries repetition to the point of irritation. Good performances, variable reproduction.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 2 in D minor. Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 9909, $3.98.	Sharply-played, well-sounding version of a work which should be better known than it is. Some of the Brahmsian derivatives in the first movement (the second theme is substantially an embellished version of "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" or its equivalent in the B flat piano concerto) are almost comical in their earnestness, but there is much fine music elsewhere including a scherzo that is one of Dvorak's best. An attractive alternative to more usual fare.
Lully-Mottl: "Ballet Suite;" Haydn: Notturno No. 2 in C; Corelli (Arbós): Suite for Strings; Rossini: Sonata in C. Giovanni di Bella conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. Telefunken LGX 66047, $4.98.	The mysterious di Bella, whose introductory disc was noted here several months ago favorably, has not only assembled a tasty collection of items for this effort, but also directed them with care and a perceptible sensitivity. The Lully and Haydn (titled No. 8 in Grove's listing) have a particular charm for di Bella and through him, for us, but there is also delightful music in the Corelli and Rossini scores.
Prokofiev: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7, Nicolai Malko conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2092, $3.98.	Malko has his own way with these scores, which is of particular advantage to the still imperfectly known No. 7. It consists largely of giving Prokofiev's ideas the maximum time in which to unfold themselves, of applying the old Wagnerian doctrine of seeking out the "melos" (or singing line) of the composition and following it without deviation. This does not work so well in the "Classical," in which we are used to faster tempi, but it is consistent with Prokofiev as Malko views him. Fine playing, well reproduced.
Roussel: Symphonies No. 3 and 4. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London LL 1495, $3.98.	Two works of impressive musical attributes (form, texture, refinement of expression, and expert coloration) which Ansermet spreads before the listener like a connoisseur displaying a rare Persian rug, or more generically, French lace. The fourth shows Roussel at his finest, with an expressive slow movement of fine linear beauty as well as depth of statement. Both seem to have taken root and expanded in stature as ranker growths of the same period (1930s) fade. Ansermet's leadership draws keen response from the orchestra. Model FFRR sound.
Strauss: "Burlesque;" Mendelssohn: Concerto in G minor. Poldi Mildner, piano, with Artur Rother conducting the RIAS Orchestra. Telefunken LGX 66062, $4.98.	The onetime prodigy gives a very good account of herself in both works, with a special affinity for the content of the Strauss. However, she has negligible assistance from Rother's direction of the orchestra and its inferior relationship to the microphone. In consequence, the recent "Burleske" by Serkin and Ormandy, or the G minor Mendelssohn by Dorfmann, Gianoli, or Katin afford superior value. Undistinguished reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Erica Morini, violin, with orchestra conducted by Artur Rodzinski. Westminster XWN 18397, $3.98.	Morini's violinistic equipment is in faultless order throughout, especially in some passage work to which she applies a high polish of clear sound. The mood of the performance is another thing, however. Miss Morini seems inclined to reexamine every aspect of the score and produce something more thoughtful, more measured than is usually the case. In the process, however, she deprives us of some of the sparkle and zest the work contains. The orchestra as directed by Rodzinski is more subdued than outspoken. Clean recording, but a little confined, lacking in resonance. —Irving Kolodin.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in E (109) and C minor (opus 111). Victor Schiöler, piano. Capitol 18046, $3.98.	By contrast with many of his colleagues who drive their way through Beethoven's allegros but are becalmed in the slow movements, Schiöler reaches his greatest heights where the composer's requirements are most exacting. Both slow movements are delivered with a majestic sense of pace, a sure inflection of the melodic outline, and a deep understanding of the lifegiving qualities of nuance and dynamic contrast. The sound compares favorably with the other values of the disc.
Chopin: Etudes, op. 10, Allegro de Concert, opus 46. Claudio Arrau, piano. Angel 35413, $4.98.	Doubtless Arrau's public will welcome his attention to the etude sequence, but they strike my ear as rather brittle in sound, choppy in articulation, without either the pianistic elegance or the musical communication some of his predecessors (and contemporaries) have imparted to these works. The "Allegro" is a remnant of a plan for a third piano concerto, of limited interest. Rather ordinary piano sound.
Donizetti: Quartet in D (No. 9). Bazzini: Quartet in E flat (No. 3, opus 76). Quartetto della Scala. Telefunken LGX 66063, $4.98.	Two fluent works that are well worth the quartet lover's time, though others may find their interests rather specialized. Donizetti converts the methods of Haydn into Italianate results, specifically in melodic contours of his own and natural part writing. Bazzini's creation (c. 1870) bears the marks of Schumann—even Brahms—but also a degree of mastery one would not associate with the composer of "Ronde des Lutins." Enrico Minetti's suave tone provides sound leadership.
Dukas: "Variations, Interlude, and Finale on a theme of Rameau." Franck: "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue." Leonore Engdahl, piano, MGM E 3421, $3.98.	The Dukas is a work worthy of the effort Engdahl expends on it, and of even more expressive power than she can muster. She plays it well, but not well enough to clarify all its details or give a complete sense of organization to the end product. As in the Franck, her tonal quality lacks the full resonance desired in this literature. Musicianly playing, however, well reproduced.
Galuppi: Six Concertos for Strings. Ennio Gerelli conducting the Milan Chamber Orchestra. Telefunken LGX 66057, $4.98.	Aside from giving aural evidence that there was a composer, actually, on whom Robert Browning based his "A Toccata of Galuppi's" this disc does not add much to a picture of his musical personality. The works could have been written by any Italian musician of the 1705-1770 period largely unaware of what was going on elsewhere. Dutiful playing, not too well reproduced.
Kodály: Children's Dances," Piano Pieces (Op. 11), "Dances of Marosszék," excerpts from "Háry János." Andor Foldes, piano. Decca DL 9913, $3.98.	In deftness and rhythmic detail, Foldes's performances are highly complementary to Kodály's needs, particularly in the "Children's Dances," and Piano Pieces. The "Dances of Marosszék" (they were piano pieces before they were orchestrated) also have an idiomatic ring, but the "Háry János" excerpts ("Viennese Clock, Song, Intermezzo") suffer for lack of the orchestral colorations. By and large an absorbing disc, well reproduced.
Mozart: "Un' aura amorosa," "O wie ängstlich," "Wie stark ist doch dein Zauberton." Verdi: "Parmi veder," "Ah! si ben mio." Puccini: "Recondita armonia" etc. Anton Dermota, tenor with orchestra conducted by Artur Rother. Telefunken LGX 66048, $4.98.	Dermota's skill as a Mozart tenor is well known, but he does not improve his reputation with the Germanic—in language and style—performances of "Ah si ben mio" or "Parmi veder." For that matter "Un' aura amorosa" is also sung in German, putting the collection in a rather special category. Strained top notes and a general sense of vocal unease reduce the pleasure content of the disc considerably. The recording is passable.
Offenbach: "La Vie Parisienne." Renée Doria, Dario Moreno, and others, conducted by Marcel Cariven. Epic LC 3344, $3.98.	A racy collection of excerpts from Offenbach's highly flavorsome score, many of them previously utilized in "Gaité Parisienne." However it is quite another thing to have them as mated with the French text and given every saucy verbal inflection by Doria, Moreno and the others of the cast under Carivan's alert direction. The recording is also worthy of the "Grand Prix du Disque" mark it proudly bears.
Schubert: "Moments Musicaux" (Op. 94), Sonata in C (two movements). Rudolf Serkin, piano. Columbia ML 5153, $3.98.	Serkin does not so much play these works as commune with them, which is his reasonable prerogative. The question is, however, whether he also communicates them to his listener, which I sometimes doubt. Understatement and sotto voce emphases are very well in their place, but there is so much of these qualities in the music itself, that the player must do some highlighting of his own to make them vital. Even in the familiar F major "Moment musical" Serkin is a little lacking in zest for my taste. There is much fine-grained feeling in his treatment of the C major's two completed movements, but I do not find his undercurrent "humming" an attraction.
Scriabin: "Vers la flamme," "Fantaisie," and five last preludes (opus 74). Raymond Lewenthal, piano. Westminster XXWN 18399, $3.98.	If the term "Texas pianist" comes to have an even more specific connotation than "American pianist" it could well be because of the values Raymond Lewenthal (born in San Antonio) adds to those previously demonstrated by Jacques Abram and Van Cliburn. Facility in abundance, musicianship of notable refinement and, what is more, musicality give interest as well as impressiveness to his performances. To say that he yet provides ultimate poetry in these works would be to strain credulity as well as truth, but he makes them listenable and assimilable, no small achievement. The preludes are somewhat better realized than the longer "Vers la flamme" but it is all on a high level. Fine piano sound.
Turina: "Cuentos de España." Esteban Sánchez, piano. Capitol P 18039, $3.98.	Both the works and the interpreter are new to discs, with equally gratifying results at a first acquaintance. The Turina pieces (dating from 1918 and later) are full of his own kind of refinement: in the second series, of a harmonic individuality not usually associated with him. In the mold of Albeniz's "Iberia" and Granados' "Danzas Espanolas" these "Impressions of Spain" direct attention to places and atmospheres, such as "Salamanca," "Valencia" and "Malaga." The youthful Sanchez (identified as but twenty) has a fine sense of rhythm, acute feeling for color and line. Good piano sound.
Vives: "Doña Francisquita." Dolores Perez, etc. Daniel Montorio conducting. Montilla FM 85, $4.98.	One of the most celebrated of zarzuelas, with the admirable Perez in fine form, yielding prominence to the charming singer Ana Maria Olaria and tenor Alfredo Kraus, who have the principal roles. A lively performance throughout.
Vivaldi: Concerto, opus 8 ("Il Cimento dell' Armonia e dell' Invenzione") Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8. I Musici. Epic LC 3343, $3,98.	A treasure of beautiful music, which has been available previously but not in performances of this suavity, care and understanding. Felix Ayo is the soloist, and a very good one, pointing without ostentation the ways in which Vivaldi's example served as models for certain procedures of Bach in his concertos for violin and string orchestra. In almost all instances the slow movements are outstanding for musical content, though Vivaldi manages to vary the designs of his fast movements despite the limitations of tone colors in the ensemble. —I. K.

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Young French Music

Continued from page 42

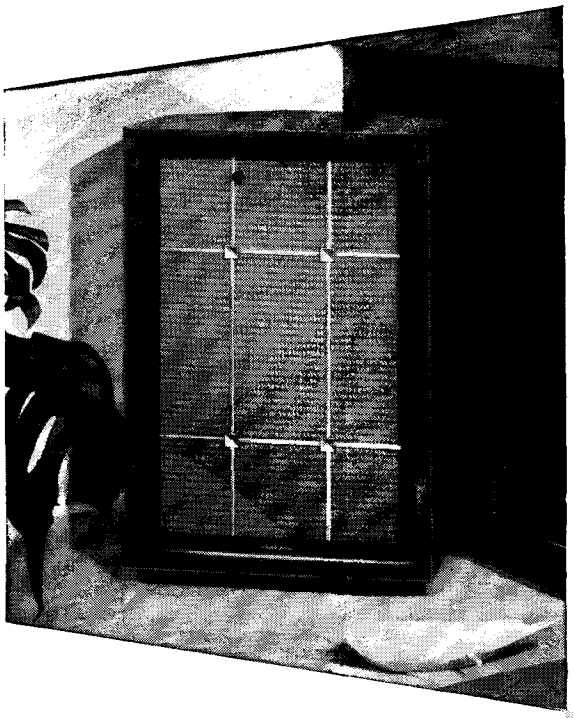
ways struck a deep note in him. He has used a French translation, which he has adapted very freely. His prosody is astonishing. It is not enough to say that Barraqué breaks up the sentence: he tears it up, crushes it, atomizes it. He is not afraid to use the French syllable for its purely phonetic value, thus bringing out the "percussive characteristics" of certain consonants. This technique strongly contributes, moreover, to reinforcing the impression of "musical frenzy" that arises, on another level, from the constant changes of register and contrasts of intensity.

"Sequence" is connected with a "Sonate pour piano" which, in the author's catalogue, is supposed to have the same opus number. This sonata is to be recorded this summer, for Véga, by the American pianist David Tudor. Certain elements, certain rhythmic structures are common to both works, which were composed in the same spirit; but the Sonate uses these elements in a more systematic way and winds up with a language in which rigorous writing predominates, whereas "séquence" moves more in the direction of a free style (this is an alternation we have already run into with Boulez). One of the major characteristics of the latter work is its exceptional richness in terms of sound, which is to be explained in large part by the constantly varied inventiveness of the parts written for the percussive instruments, which involve three performers.

In this all-too-rapid survey of the music of Boulez, we have tried to show his importance as a *creator of language*. In the case of Barraqué, we have preferred to place the accent on one work, for Barraqué is not an innovator. His music might be defined, to use the German writer Hermann Broch's fine term, as a "lyrical commentary on himself."

With Boulez and Barraqué, we are in the presence of two fundamentallly opposed types of the contemporary artist. The fact that these two creators, the most important since the war, have been led to adopt the same language, that of "total serial music," which is itself the generator of a "musical dialectic," is all the more significant because of their differences. By a curious twist of fate, it is at the moment when talk about the "supremacy" of a so-called French school is stopping that there appears an international school dominated by French composers.

—Translated by David Noakes.



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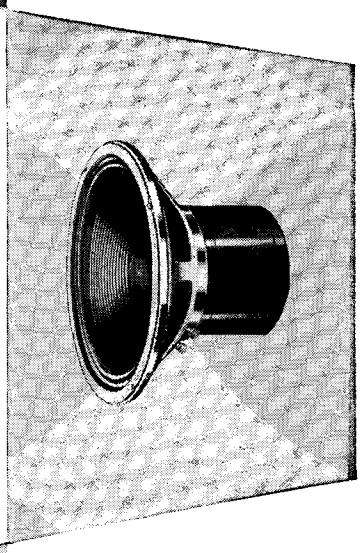

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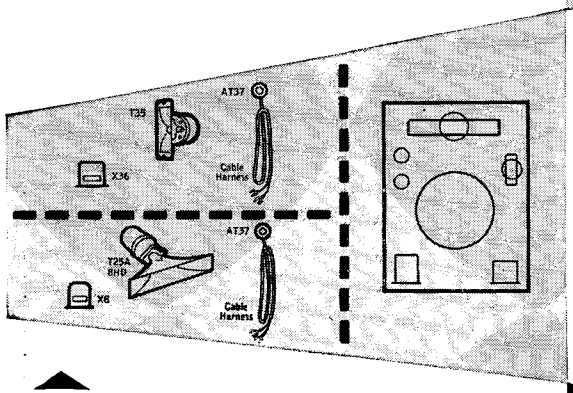

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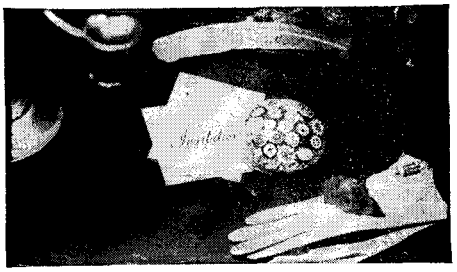

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IT MUST occur to anyone who listens to a good deal of jazz that there is a fearful amount of repetition of the tunes used as thematic material. I have heard "I Can't Get Started" so many times that I desperately wish the fellow would leave the mark, and "Yesterdays" has regularly come to suggest the definite advantages of a loss of memory. I forbear to do more than merely mention "When The Saints Go Marching In." American popular music is a very rich and various literature, but you would never think so to see the constricted use made of it by the jazz improvisers and arrangers. As just a slight suggestion to the artists, I offer a dozen tunes that I think could well stand re-working. They seem to me fine tunes; I think they all lend themselves easily to jazz rhythms; and most of them, I should say, would tempt the harmonic fancy. Herewith:

"Maori" (Will Tyers) is a natural for jump rhythm, with a lovely, raggy verse and a low-down, driving chorus. "The Siren Song" is a lazy beauty and "Raggedy Ann" a haunting and subtle little plaint (both by Jerome Kern). Among the more delightfully sustained and meandering melodies we have are "An Orange Grove In California" and "Lady of the Evening" (both by Irving Berlin); "Make Believe" (Shilkret and Jerome, *not* the Jerome Kern item by the same name); "In a Boat" (Lange, Liggy & Klapholz) and "Drifting Along With The Tide" (George Gershwin).

The rest of the *causerie* this month will be devoted to new records of modern jazz. Thelonious Monk, who might as well be called the father of modern jazz piano, is to be heard in a program largely of his own compositions, "Brilliant Corners" (Riverside RLP 12-226) in which he is assisted by such fine talents as Ernie Henry, alto sax; Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Oscar Pettiford, bass; and Max Roach, drums. The ground tone hear is exceedingly blue and sophisticated, as may be gathered from the title of one number—"Ba-lue Bolivar Ba-lues-are"—which is explained as the phonetic spelling of Mr. Monk's idea of the fitting pronounciation of "Blue Bolivar Blues." Splendid! For me, the particular joys are in Mr. Monk's own piano playing. I have hitherto referred to him in this space as the Erik Satie of the jazz piano—which means to me that he is highly original, succinct, witty, and full of fine lyric graces.

The young modern trumpet Donald Byrd—all lightness, ease and flowering figuration—continues to delight in a program "All Day Long" (Prestige LP 7081) with some of his vigorous New York colleagues, the pulsing guitarist Kenny Burrell; Frank Foster, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Arthur Taylor, drums. This is limber, pithy small-band jazz, the direct descendant, in the modern idiom, of the jazz of sainted Chicago memory.

The tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins grows in interest and supple force (he is already in the forefront of the tribe) and it is especially pleasing to hear him take off on the basis of Kurt Weill's celebrated "Moritat" from "The Beggar's Opera" (Prestige LP 7079). It is, indeed, fascinating to hear him pronounce that air before taking off—a lesson in the nuances of jazz phrasing. And the disc also, contains, among other things, a superb blues and a winning West Indian

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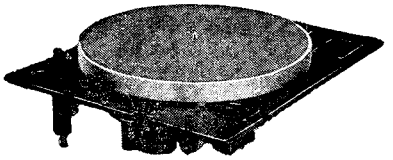

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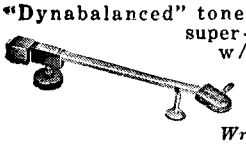

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suggestion, "St. Thomas." The supporting cast are the Messrs. Flanagan and Watkins, referred to in the previous record, and Max Roach, drums. One of the things I admire about Rollins is his steady effect of freshness, robustiousness, and inventive daring in a period when a good deal of jazz seems too polished to be alive.

Another player who plays with great spontaneity is Zoot Sims. Here the music making process seems so utterly natural that its values may at first escape notice. But in that Iron test which is repeated phonograph playing, Sims wears like iron. His virtues are quiet, warm and feeling-ful (Riverside RLP-228) and he has appropriate assistants in George Handy, piano and arrangements; Wilbur Ware, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums.

A NEW small combination from the Pacific is headed by bassist Curtis Counce and plays highly refined, rhythmic music in both brisk and languorous moods. The agile, silvery trumpet of Jack Sheldon is present, as well as Harold Land, tenor sax; Carl Perkins, piano; and Frank Butler, drums. This group might be said to veer somewhere between modern barrelhouse (I don't find the popular word "funky" very suggestive in this connection) and the ultra refinement of much modern chamber jazz (Contemporary C 3526). For a prime example of the latter there is "The Flute and the Oboe of Bud Shank and Bob Cooper" (Pacific Jazz PJ-1226) in which those gentlemen are joined by Howard Roberts, guitar; Don Prell bass; Chuck Flores, drums; and a four-piece string section. All the arrangements are by Mr. Cooper and the tunes include such standards as "They Didn't Believe Me" and "Gypsy In My Soul." Some of the music is not jazz, in the sense that it is not based on common time. When it *is* so based, it is perfectly clear that this combination, which might seem to be designed to perform in an orangerie, nevertheless deserves to be called a jazz orchestra. That is because the Messrs. Shank and Cooper as they have demonstrated before, are adepts in jazz rhythm and have solved the problem of using the gentler instruments in jazz style. This is, essentially, a matter of forgetting the traditional European use of strings and woodwinds, and employing them only in such ways as will contribute to, or at least not interfere with, the eccentric rhythmic momentums called swing. The results here, as in the music of Chico Hamilton's little group, seem to me to add considerably and seductively to the dimensions of jazz.

—WILDER HOBSON.

who said

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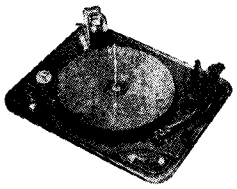

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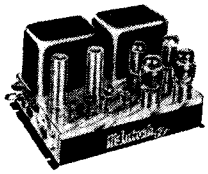

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STEREO DISC DEVELOPMENT—A "NEW" FERRIER

LONDON.

IF NO single exhibit "stole the show" at this year's Audio Fair in the Waldorf Hotel as the Quad Electrostatic Speaker did last year, the most significant demonstration was that given by A. R. Sugden of Brighouse, Yorkshire, renowned manufacturers of "Connoisseur" transcription turntables and pick-ups. The single-groove stereo idea has proceeded, on and off, since the early days of electrical recordings, but Arnold Sugden, after five years of endeavor, has now reached the stage where records and equipment are ready to be marketed, and it looks as though either Sugden's or "one of the big record companies" (Decca?) will be producing the first commercial stereophonic discs by autumn.

Sugden's demonstration came as no surprise to those who attended last year's exhibition by the British Sound Recording Association, but few of us then imagined this idea could be brought to its present, marketable stage in so brief a period. On the face of it the principle, though simple in theory, would appear to be beset with practical difficulties. The microgroove holds two signals, one recorded laterally, the other "hill and dale." A specially designed pick-up contains a single diamond stylus capable of tracing both signals in such a way that the lateral and the vertical components of its complex movement can be transmitted to separate amplifiers with the minimum of mutual interference. (Technical minded readers may like to know that Sugden's claim to have achieved a "channel separation" of about twenty-five dbs.). As in the case of stereo tape, the output from the two ampifiers is fed to a pair of identical speaker systems placed several feet apart.

The difficulties of this method do not exist with stereo tape; once overcome, however, the stereo disc becomes a far more practical proposition. The average music-lover will find it simpler to handle, there is virtually no loss of playing time compared with monaural recordings and the cost of the discs should be of the same order as conventional LPs. Nor is the equipment which Sugden's propose to market prohibitive in price: a top-grade transcription turntable is, of course, essential since motor-rumble would be a serious source of interference for the "hill and dale" signal; the special pick-up, designed to play ordinary microgroove records as well as stereo discs, is to cost £16 (inclusive of diamond stylus and British purchase tax) and Sugden's complete amplification system is priced at £69.

The *pièce de resistance* of Sugden's stereo demonstration was a magnificent recording of massed brass bands (which flourish in Yorkshire as perhaps nowhere else), and I found this as convincingly three-dimensional as the finest stereo tapes I had heard—the sound seemed magnificently "alive" and the spatial separation of the instruments was quite excellent. It has long been held by some audio experts that, in listening to stereo reproduction, limitations of frequency range and a given level of distortion are of far smaller significance than in the case of monaural reproduction, and this view was strongly borne out when a normal disc was played through one of the two speakers. Used singly, the particular units showed some disagreeable coloration which seemed to vanish, as though by magic, when they were paired stereophonically.

Decca's announcement of its first RCA Victor release is expected in a few days' time when the company will also submit, to a conference of retailers, new schemes for the distribution of Decca group records as well as the launching of a "Star Dealer" system on American lines. The latest issues under the parent label include, in addition to a splendid recording of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra (An-

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sermet and Suisse Romande) and Boult's admirable account of Vaughan Williams's Eighth Symphony, several vocal discs of outstanding interest. Flagstad contributes two more LP recitals: the first is a collection of fourteen songs by Grieg, in which she is accompanied by Edwin McArthur; the second is devoted to arias by Bach and Handel. Both records show the soprano in excellent voice but, while Flagstad's performances of the Grieg songs, many of which she has recorded before, will be familiar to most of her admirers, the Bach/Handel disc is a real surprise packet. To begin with all the items are sung in English and, on the face of it, most of the program is of the kind we associate with voices of the Isobel Baillie type! The Bach side comprises "Sheep may safely graze," "Break in grief" (from the St. Matthew Passion), an arrangement of "Jesu, joy of man's desiring" and "If thou be near" ("Bist du bei mir"); Handel is represented by two arias from "Messiah," "He shall feed His flock" (in which she sings both alto and soprano sections) and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Gods all-powerful" (from "Radamisto"), "Oh sleep! why dost thou leave me?" (from "Semele"), and the spurious "Praise ye the Lord ("Dank sei dir, Herr"). Although it would be an exaggeration to claim that everything on this disc is negotiated with consummate ease, most of the singing is magnificent, and the music is presented with utter simplicity and purity of line. Boult and the London Philharmonic provide sympathetic accompaniments and the recording is superb.

Few singers of our time have been as universally loved as Kathleen Ferrier and, ever since her untimely death in October 1953 there has been a constant demand for every scrap of music which she recorded. Decca re-issued many of her 78-rpm discs, items have been coupled and recoupled, anthologies were compiled, but now, at long last, some new material has been unearthed, a broadcast recital from Norway which Kathleen gave in 1949 before an invited audience in the Oslo studio. The program—all too short, I fear—opens with an enchanting performance of Purcell's "Hark! the echoing air," then follows an aria from Handel's "Atalanta" and we almost reach the end with four Hugo Wolf songs. Almost, but not quite, for there is an encore: "The Altar" by Jensen, sung in Norwegian and introduced by the singer herself, who apologizes in advance for her faulty command of the language. All in all it is a most treasurable disc, for the voice sounds lovely and the recording is remarkably good. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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24—**SCHUMANN:** Davidsbuendler Dances/Arabesque—Lev, Piano
25—**HONEGGER:** Symphony #2 for Strings/**JOHNSON:** Piano Concerto
26—**BRAHMS:** Handel Variations/Intermezzi #1 & #3—Kolessa, Piano
27—**DITTERSDORF:** Symphonies in F minor "Rescue" & in E flat—Winterthur Symphony
28—**BACH:** Concerto for Two Cembalos/**HAYDN:** Concerto for Violin & Harpsichord
29—**MOZART:** Vesperae de Dominica—Reinhardt cond. Winterthur Symphony Orch.
30—**HINDEMITH:** Sonatas for Trumpet & Piano; Bassoon; Clarinet; Viola
31—**BRAHMS:** Serenade #1—Swoboda cond.
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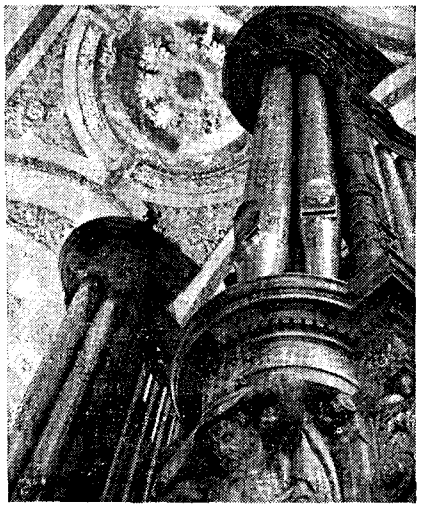

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The Saturday Review (David Hebb)

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Prokofiev

Continued from page 46

Sonatas" and the postwar Ninth Sonata are the apotheosis of his new esthetic and political assumptions. Not one of them, in my estimation, is wholly successful. But they are amazing works nevertheless, full of marvelous and awful things.

They reveal a man in discord with the world and himself, a musician trying to find expression for the anxiety and instability of his epoch and of his own afflicted soul, an instinctive poet in revolt against rude realities. They also reveal a master craftsman who rarely fails to achieve some striking result even when he wavers. Twisting and turning back and forth he is sometimes freed, sometimes fettered; sometimes victorious and sometimes defeated; now bravely blazing paths into the future, now timidly following well-trodden mediocrity.

The last sonata tells the whole story. It is an expiation in which Prokofiev can no longer conceal his true emotions, his unregenerate lyricism. But it derives from a finally diluted imagination. It is like a drink that has been too long neglected, that once held strong spirits and is now a little pool of melted ice.

Yet, Prokofiev's vitality and vision were so powerful that many glorious pages emerged to demonstrate the paradox of all great art—the ability to convey an individual experience in a universally accessible language. Much of the music of this caliber, the music that brought Prokofiev worldwide prestige, is contained within his nine piano sonatas. Their streamlined brilliance, angular mockery, and melodic urbanity are all completely native to the temperament of contemporary pianists, almost all of whom have been playing one or more of them admirably and frequently for a good many years.

Recordings of most have been available previously, but the totality is a considerably overdue event. With the three Westminster discs by the Bulgarian Boukoff is a superior set of comments by James Lyons.

BOUKOFF's career began in 1928 when he was fifteen and started to collect awards and prizes offered by the top European piano competitions. Since then, his solo and orchestral appearances have won him a first-rate professional reputation abroad. Recently, it has been reported in our trade journals that his American debut will occur next season.

Judging from former discs as well as from his recordings of the Proko-

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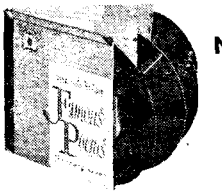

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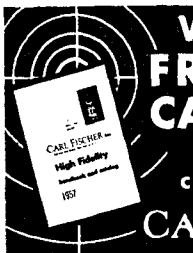

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fiev sonatas, Mr. Boukoff is a pianist with a splendid technical equipment. He is excellently schooled and meticulously honest. He respects the music he plays, whether or not he is convinced by it, and his playing instantly reveals what he loves and what he does not.

He performs the first four sonatas with ease, polish and refined sentiment. Although I miss coloristic variety, I am grateful for Mr. Boukoff's obvious realization that Prokofiev's lyricism is not to be mooned over, and that his jests are not to be barbed by steel fingers. When steel is built into mockery, it comes out as pure noise unless it is molded tastefully. When sentimentality lurks close to sentiment, it takes a firm hand to keep it from going soft and soupy. Boukoff not only understands these phases of Prokofiev's formative period, but also lays bare his partiality to it.

As Prokofiev grows more and more realistic, complex, and turbulent, as the inexorable "motor" elements increase in number and savagery, complemented by tongue-in-cheek or *bourgeois* tunes, Boukoff's playing becomes more and more imprisoned. He still plays all the notes, but he does not appear to believe in them or to know what they mean.

I can well understand Boukoff's inability to make anything significant out of the desiccated Fifth Sonata. But none of the last four sonatas is without its commanding traits, and Boukoff makes too little of the opportunities they provide. He does not show us the brooding depth or melodious wistfulness or nostalgia of their slow sections. He is bland and stolid in their dancing measures. Especially unsatisfying is his fluent, easy-going, and pale-faced approach to the last movements of the Seventh and Eighth Sonatas.

Although Boukoff is still a young man, I suspect that he will always be at his best in works that do not demand too much in the way of depth and massiveness. His Prokofiev playing corroborates what was already apparent in his recordings of Schumann's C major Fantasy and "Études symphoniques" and in a more recent recording of Grieg's Piano Concerto.

However, it is always a pleasure to hear such integrity and painstaking preparation as prevail throughout Mr. Boukoff's art. His greater grasp and sensitive appreciation of the earlier sonatas of Prokofiev reveal that he is a romantic at heart. And though he has not yet fully transformed his feeling into intense keyboard values, such an affinity is quite enough to enhance the regard of this reviewer for any pianist.

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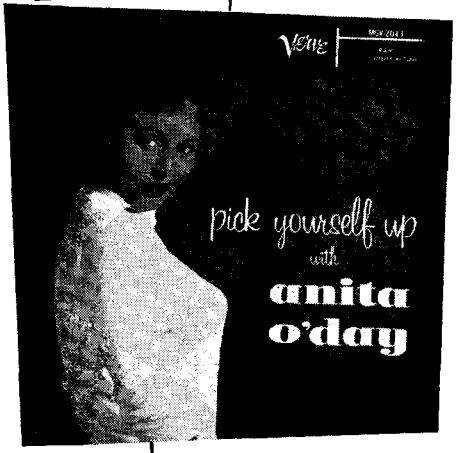

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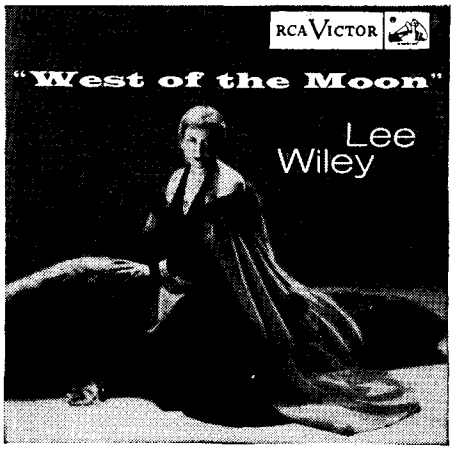

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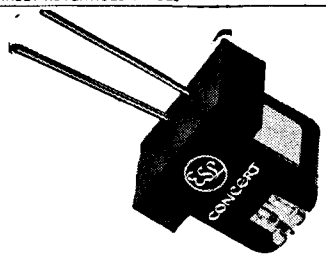

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Pocket Music

Continued from page 43

Eric Blom from the celebrated three-volume edition by Emily Anderson. Another worthy gleaning is a collection edited by Eric Bentley, "Shaw on Music," taken from GBS's often irascible but perceptive newspaper pieces. The late Constant Lambert's discussion of contemporary music, "Music Ho!" is stimulating reading after two decades. While in the category of essays and letters further suggestions of titles that might be retrieved from the out of print list are offered: Ralph Vaughan Williams's "National Music" and a collection from the witty and sapient writings on music by Carl Van Vechten.

Reference material does not readily lend itself to abbreviated form and, consequently, there are few volumes in this paperback category. The pocket dictionary is ever handy, even with its limitations. The twin survey volumes, especially conceived for soft covers, "The Symphony" and "The Concerto" are in effect capsule histories of the respective genres covered. Considering the scope, the presentation, and the cost, these are priceless books.

The opera has not suffered neglect, being treated severally by a half dozen volumes. The Metropolitan Opera Guild has sponsored a very useful guidebook, "Introduction to Opera," based on *Opera Lover's Companion* and *Opera News*. Some forty operas are discussed, plots summarized, and recordings on LP surveyed (this last by C. J. Luten). A good single volume history is simply titled "Opera," by Edward J. Dent, in which the development of opera is traced in terms of the conventional (libretto, acting, staging, etc.) as related to social history.

Folk song, a rather specialized subject generally in the province of the anthropologist, has been worked into the popular distribution of the paperback mainly in the form of words-and-music collections of the best known songs. In "The Story of American Folk Song," Russell Ames attempts to write about American folk song as related to American historical and social development. Richard Chase's "American Folk Tales and Songs" is the happy result of scholarship combined with a collector's enthusiasm. It would seem that a selection from the writings of the late Phillips Barry on American folk music would put back into circulation some of the finest material on the subject extant.

Relative to the subject of American folk music is jazz; to date the only general volume available was written by an Englishman, Rex Harris, whose book "Jazz" treats the traditional schools of the art and keeps away from recent and current transmutations. The other jazz volumes are reprints of hardcover biographies, of which "Mister Jelly Roll," it might be pointed out, is a fine contribution to the Americana shelf.

Warren DeMotte's "The Long Playing Record Guide" is the only discography in paperback; a critical survey of some 7,000 LP records. This is no exhaustive coverage, but a wise compromise—a valuable guide for the neophyte collector especially.

For the more sophisticated, that is for those who can participate in the making of music, there are a number of interesting song collections. "An Elizabethan Song Book," edited by Noah Greenberg, W. H. Auden, and Chester Kallman, is a treasury of lute songs (arranged for piano by Mr. Greenberg) from that abundant period in English history when the simultaneous flowering of the arts of music and poetry produced exquisite miniatures: the songs, madrigals, and rounds of Campion, Dowland, Morley, and Wilbye, among others. This original paperback (now available in a full size edition) is a valuable collection of songs, fine music, and poetry, and a tribute to lively scholarship.

"God's Wonderful World" is designed for use with children, with the music drawn from traditional hymns, nursery songs and folk tunes. The two Penguin song books are especially prepared for good fellowship singing around the piano.

The Penguin scores, edited by Gordon Jacob, are handsomely printed and beautifully bound. The prices range from 65¢ (for Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Haydn") to $1.95 (Beethoven's "Symphony No. 9")—the series now numbers thirty titles. Mr. Jacobs provides non-mysterioso program notes.

There is an axiom, no doubt nurtured by musicians, to the effect that "music is better listened to than read about"—which is admirable, as is the truism that a musical score is no substitute for an actual performance. But neither of these avenues of thought will dispel the mystery surrounding music for the truly interested layman who would like to know more, but not necessarily all, about music. The composer, except rarely, is quite inarticulate and satisfied to leave explanations of his music to others: musicologists, journalists, and hacks. After which the composer may relent at leisure. But the layman must read, and now he has good books to read.

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Pre-Pre-Bach

Continued from page 47

including the well-known "Silver Swan" and "The Cries of London," and religious works ranging from simple four-part hymns to anthems as magnificent and complex as the great cathedrals for which they were written. The performers are the Deller Consort and the Consort of Viols of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, and this record is quite outstanding as a combination of great music and perfect realization of it.

The Magnum Opus of the Archive's seventeenth century survey is, of course, the Monteverdi "Orfeo" discussed here earlier, but there is also a very interesting disc with keyboard music by the frightfully neglected and underestimated Frescobaldi. The record documents at least one reason for the neglect, namely the inability of modern musicians as a rule to play with the sense of free rhetoric and with the liberty and fantasy this music demands and presupposes. Both Eduard Mueller, organist, and Fritz Neumeyer, harpsichordist, are completely musicianly, but they play with a stiffness and expressive restraint that would certainly have astounded Frescobaldi. Other than in the music itself, the beauty here lies in the two valuable instruments that are used: the sixteenth-century Italian organ in the "Silver Chapel" at Innsbruck, all principals and flutes, and a 1695 harpsichord by the Roman builder Francesco Nobili, a very mellow instrument completely free of the evocations of Nibelheim that characterize most modern harpsichords.

Quite an extended investigation of Handel is planned, but one that oddly enough will include neither the oratorios nor the operas. So far, there is one record of orchestral music and another of nine German arias. The latter are almost entirely unknown and are not even included in the "complete" edition of Handel's music. The arias are fine pieces from Handel's maturity. Each is in effect a duet since the voice is always interwoven with an obbligato instrument in the same range. Margot Guilleaume sings with a relaxed and unmannered fluency that is a great pleasure to hear, and the instrumentalists are from the excellent Scheck-Wenzinger Ensemble. Two relatively early oboe concerti and one of the very engaging Concerti Grossi from Op. 3 are played with great virtuosity by Hermann Toettcher, oboe, Helga Schon, violin, with the Berlin Bach Orchestra. The "Music for the Royal Fireworks" is itself not news and neither is the late Fritz Lehmann's good conducting of the Berlin Philharmonic in it, for this recording has been available on Decca for some years now. What a pity that the Archive directors did not decide to reproduce the forces that lucky Handel had at his London premiere: nine trumpets, nine horns, twenty-four oboes, twelve bassoons, one double-bassoon, and three timpani, as well as twenty-four brass pieces from the Royal Ordnance!

FROM this sampling of the Archive's activities, it is clear that the choice of music has been handled with considerable competence and that a real effort has been made to provide performers concerned equally with correctness, stylistic awareness, and beauty, and that a fine series of records has resulted. Considering the usefulness that all this alone gives the anthology, it is a terrible pity that the subsidiary editorial work is often very badly handled. The sleeve annotations are informative when written by men like Safford Cape or Charles van den Borren, but equally often they are wholly useless when written by people who may as well remain nameless here. Detailed and interesting information is provided about the instruments used, but we are also told that a certain dulcian is "caped" in a Berlin Museum, and there one can only guess that "kept" is what is meant. Furthermore, someone at Deutsche Grammophon does not know the difference between "principle" and "principal," and worse, does not know that the German note *B* is not *B* but *B flat*. Misprints in general run into dozens. English texts are provided for some of the poems, but often where they are most needed, as for the medieval German of Wolkenstein or for Machaut's French, there is no hint of a translation. On one word-sheet, what appears in heavy print at the beginning of each song may be unpredictably and irrationally the title of the song, its first line, the composer's name, or a generic description like "Spinning Song." All in all, this is unworthy of a people that once set the world's standards for rigorous scholarship, and it is deeply regrettable that the supervision of the secondary activities was as slovenly as that of the musical activities was (fortunately!) fastidious. All this is easily reparable, and it is to be hoped that the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft will take advantage of future pressings to correct some of these uselessly annoying shortcomings. As far as the essentials go, however, there is no doubt that the German company has started a project of inestimable value, esthetic as well as practical.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG.

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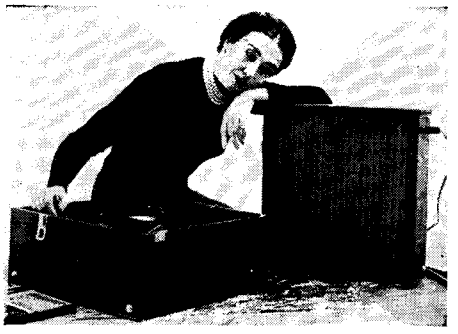

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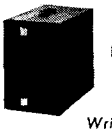

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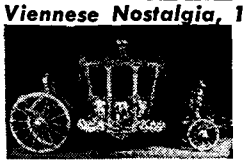

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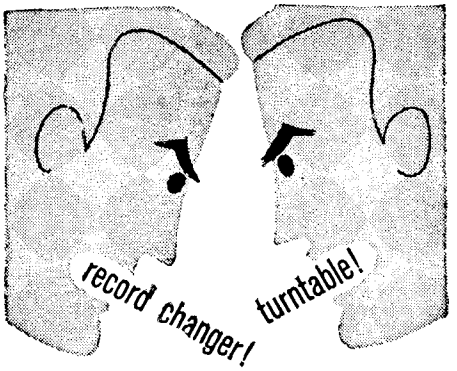

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HORSES FOR COURSES, SPEAKERS FOR SPACES

By JIMMY CARROLL, *customer consultant for Harvey's, New York audio specialists.*

BUYING hi-fi is largely a matter of individual taste. Some may claim that the Boston Symphony is supposed to sound exactly the same at home as it does in the concert hall. When you stop to examine this comment it is enough to scare you. Just think of a seventy-piece orchestra in your own 15x25 living room. Physically speaking, if by some whim of the imagination this could be, imagine what would happen to your ears, or mind, especially if they were playing the "March to the Gallows" from Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" or the cannonading section from the "1812 Overture."

Some realistic approach to this problem must be made by the buyer if he is to get the type of sound he wants in his home. This comment "in *his* home," while seemingly innocent in itself, can easily be the key to this entire condition. As there are horses for courses, so there are speakers for spaces. Let me cite an example. In upper Manhattan, to one of our newer-type apartment buildings, we recently shipped three identical hi-fi sound systems. (That is to say, a tape recorder, phono, amplifier, preamplifier, tuner plus a loudspeaker with its own cabinet.) The families who bought this equipment were somehow related, so some great discussions were gone into before the final selection was made. It seems that some previous agreement was made between themselves to buy exactly what the other would when they made their selection, so that everyone would have the same quality set when they sat down for an evening of music. Since they were friendly, they naturally visited one another often. They looked forward to enjoying one another's records and having discussions about the composition or the composer, or possibly some outstanding instrumentalist who may have pleased them.

On the surface this seemed all well and good, since as they reasoned, they lived under mostly the same conditions and wanted to spend the same amount of money and as they enjoyed similar tastes in music and had living rooms exactly the same size. Everything was thought out. Millennium was here. I particularly remember this condition, because of the chain of events that followed. The music systems were delivered and set up and everyone started playing music and getting the feel of things, as we all do with something new, and then the visiting started and record changing between the families got under way. Each family was to buy a new record and pass it along when they visited so everyone could enjoy it, and to pre-record it on magnetic tape for permanence. It took about two weeks for everything to "wear in" before we again heard from our three families in the similar apartments in the same apartment house. They then returned to our audio showroom and this is the part of their visit I remember most. I was called on to answer "how come" that three exactly the same music systems could sound so dissimilar when all units in each apartment were exactly the same as the others. Naturally this required a bit of head scratching in order to get the correct answer. The list of complaints showed that in one apartment there was a definite effect of too much bass with the normally prescribed bass and treble tone control settings when playing a phonograph record. In the next apartment, this same record with again the correct tone settings, produced an excess of highs and only a fair bass. It seemed that only the third member of this group was satisfied completely.

We brought the phonograph and amplifier part of the two systems that were offending back to our shop for examination. Our test showed them to be absolutely perfect. They could not have been more similar if they were products of the same pea pod. We decided to return these items to the new owners and make a visit ourselves to find the answer on the spot. We brought along a frequency test record, which covered a range even broader than the human ear can hear, also a special record which exposes any presence of intermodulation distortion that goes above 2 per cent. This being the approximate point where distortions below are not heard and where above would be found to be objectionable.

Our first visit was to the apartment where there was no complaint and where the sound was found to be satisfactory. Observation showed the room to be nicely balanced

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"acoustically." It contained the usual sofa plus two soft chairs, a ten foot long book shelf and record bin plus a center piece credenza and two end tables. The floor was carpeted and from each wall hung a few small pictures. This room looked good and our test records plus our own listening proved it to be as claimed. We left here and proceeded to the friends' apartment directly above. Our first glance and impression gave an immediate hint as to what was occurring. This was the apartment where the high tones were said to be excessive and brittle. To describe this room as compared to the downstairs one we would have to say it looked too bright soundwise. It was the type of room where the upper frequencies travel too easily. There were no soft surfaces to act as tone balancers. The floors were asphalt tiled. All chairs were of the contemporary slender type, with thin cushions on the seats and backs only. The book shelves, although low and long, were of the open airy type resting on slim dowel legs. It was immediately obvious the incorrect choice of loudspeaker that was made for this setting. It must be remembered that our three friends had previously agreed together to buy exactly the same hi-fi components so as to enjoy the same good music even when visiting each other. An on the spot decision was made to remove this speaker and to select one where the upper tones had a designed natural roll off. Experience has shown us that when any single range of frequencies dominates the sound spectrum, through accentuation, there is a natural subjugation of the other ranges.

In this case the speaker's highs were reasonably balanced with the lows and middles (in the design), but in *this* room an echo accentuated upper frequency range that could not be adequately rebalanced even by reducing the treble control on the amplifier.

AFTER this evaluation we proceeded to the apartment where the condition of accentuation of all low notes and loss of highs were complained of. Here we found an entirely different decor condition. One entire wall had built up bookshelves from the floor to the ceiling. The opposing wall was covered with drapes. There was a beautiful looking long custom sofa measuring fifteen feet along one wall, then curved around and running an additional six feet along the other.

Again it was immediately apparent as to what should be done. We were to remove this speaker and choose one that had a designed accentuation in the upper frequency range. Our plan was to let the room acoustics itself make the final correction.

When the new speakers were delivered and installed we found the exact quality we were looking for and everyone was pleased. Naturally in a problem of this sort some talk takes place as to why one speaker and cabinet sounds well in one living room, while in another it fares poorly. Here in this example we wound up with three different speakers in the same size living rooms, because of the different acoustic values found in each room. What makes these acoustic differences is of course what should be analyzed. Audio measurements show the range of human hearing to be about 15,000 cycles wide. This band width is spoken of as being divided in three sections. The low frequency section called the "bass" covers the range from 30 to about 400 cycles. This is the range where our hearing sensitivity is the poorest and yet because of this being the "body" note section our music would be thin and hollow without them. For this reason the first measure of a good speaker should be its ability to give a good clean tight bass response. The section just above this is called the middle range. It starts where the bass leaves off and goes up to about 4,000 cycles. This is the range where our hearing is at its best. We call this the presence range. Raising or lowering the volume of this section would be the same as changing seats in a concert hall. Up front the presence may be too severe, all the way back too little. The upper range that takes over from here is called the "treble." It puts the "bite" or realism into our music. Absence of these notes causes flatness or loss of brightness in our music.

When all three sections are put together we have what is known as the natural practical hearing spectrum as applied to our living room. The loudspeaker that brings out this range should do so, smoothly and evenly. There should be no trace of "edginess" in the top range nor any "boom" in the bottom.

The cabinet this speaker or multispeaker system is put into then becomes of major importance. It should not color the sound in any way. Too light a cabinet would create a muffled sound where there was none.

Speaker systems and the rooms which house them each have their own individuality as we have seen. They should be selected with this important factor in mind. Before you buy a speaker system analyze your room and discuss it with your sound engineer, as this will have an important effect on both the price and quality of your home music system.

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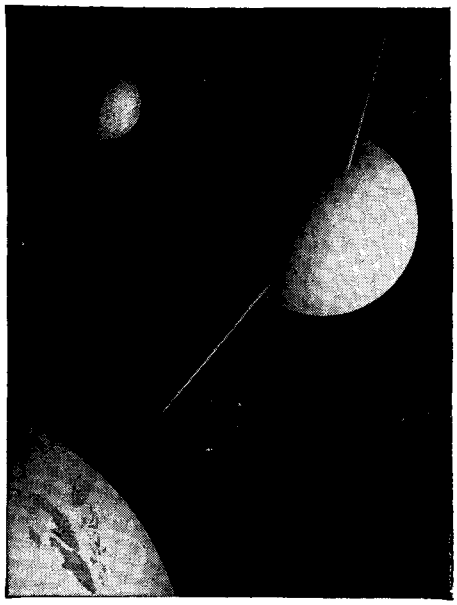

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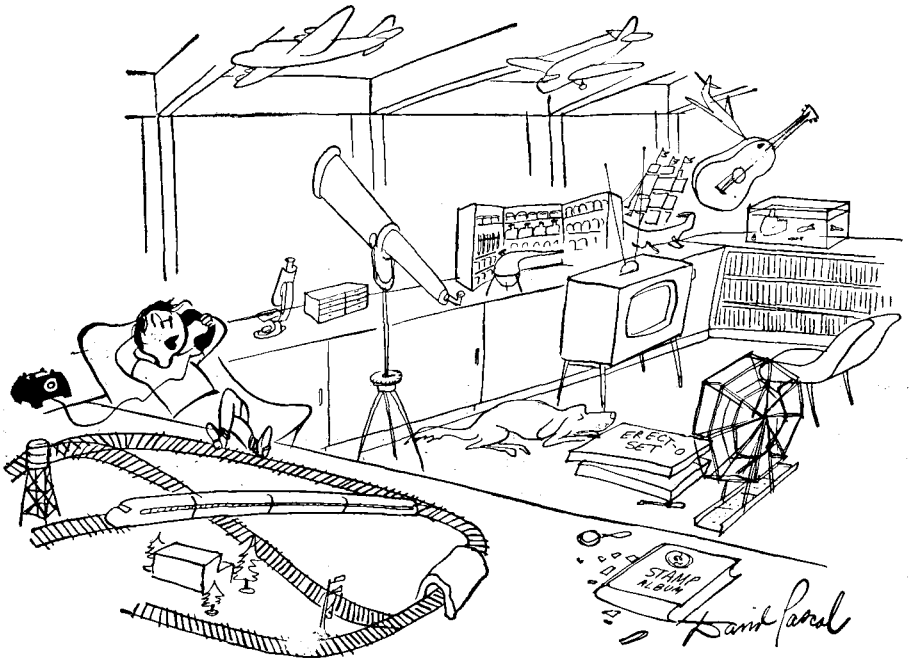

"Oh, nothing much. I have to stay in my room. I'm being punished. How about you?"

CLOUGH-CUMING REVISED

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

FIVE years have passed since "The World's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" was published—and was saluted in these pages by Irving Kolodin as ". . . the worthiest effort in musical scholarship to be produced anyplace in the world in the postwar epoch." That first, fat, invaluable installment of this unique reference book was, in fact, two books bound together: the "W.E.R.M." itself, running to 739 pages over all, and the "First Supplement," another 136 pages. Closing with thirty pages of indexes of composers, arrangers, editors, composers of cadenzas, and titles of operas and other stage works, it was an astonishingly comprehensive covering of (generally speaking) all recordings of "serious" music and many of "light" music which had been made commercially available throughout much of the world from 1925 to June 1951.

Having made the requisite verbal bow to R. D. Darrell, in whose 1936 "Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," as Messrs. Francis F. Clough and G. J. Cuming wrote, "the principles and procedures of discography were laid down," the authors had gone on, in this 906-page monster, to expand their range far beyond anything previously attempted. Then, in 1953, came the second Supplement," a mere 284-page baby covering only 1951-1952. This included, as further guarantee of the entire seriousness of the whole project, ten two-column pages in small type of "errata, corrigenda & addenda to W.E.R.M. and Supplement I" —but, alas, no index of any sort.

Now we have the "Third Supplement," 1953-1955, a 590-page small monster, again without index, but with ten pages of "errata, corrigenda & addenda" for the earlier volumes—and even for this very volume itself. Simple addition reveals that the three books have now reached the staggering total of 1,780 pages.

These are reference books, not manuals of opinion. At the very beginning, Messrs. Clough and Cuming denied having made any attempt to "classify the lists in any considered order of artistic or technical value." I confess to never having been able to discover what principle, if any, determines the order in listings of many versions of the same composition. It is not alphabetical; it is not by national origin; it does not appear to be chronological. It is, perhaps, casual, determined only by the order in which the individual items turn up in the Clough-Cuming filing system.

What these books offer cannot be located elsewhere in anything like such profusion. A typical listing gives the composer's name and dates; the title of the individual item; the voices or instrumentation; date of composition; name of performing artist or ensemble or conductor; number of record sides; record numbers for other

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issues of the same version; omissions or corrections for listings of the same item in previous volumes; re-issues or dubbings of acoustic recordings; the language in which vocal music is sung; the size of the record; and—with painstaking care—in the case of miscellanies or groups of selections, identification of every section. That is not all, but it suggests the scope of what is here.

WITH its primary information and its thousands upon thousands of fascinating footnotes, this thrice-supplemented "Encyclopedia" (long may it get longer!) goes beyond the merely useful: it is, as Mr. Kolodin said, a genuine historical and musicological document. Do you by any chance want to know who wrote the cadenza that David Oistrakh plays in his recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto? The information is here. Do you want to learn almost anything whatever about what version of what composition a given recording contains? The answer is here (though, of course, Clough and Cuming have not been able to detail all cuts or other tamperings with scores).

I do not want to imagine any sizable library, any recording library whatever, any truly serious collector of records, even anyone deeply interested in performed music without these volumes. But please, Messrs. Clough and Cuming, we must have indexes, at least indexes of outstanding performers. Without them the immediate usefulness of your books is

curtailed. I feel sure that most people who own one or more of these books would willingly pay extra for such indexes—which should be much more nearly complete than the skeletonic indexes in the back of the first double volume.

In choosing recordings, of course, nothing finally can replace the chooser's own taste, decision, choice among available versions. What these books (if added to current record lists, books of opinion and judgment, and such reviews as appear in these pages) give that record-selector is the essential information as to the available (or nearly available, or once available but now difficult to come by) materials on which his taste, decisions, and choices can be exercised. And as source matter for a history of musical taste in our time, the "W. E. R. M." and its supplements are without a rival.

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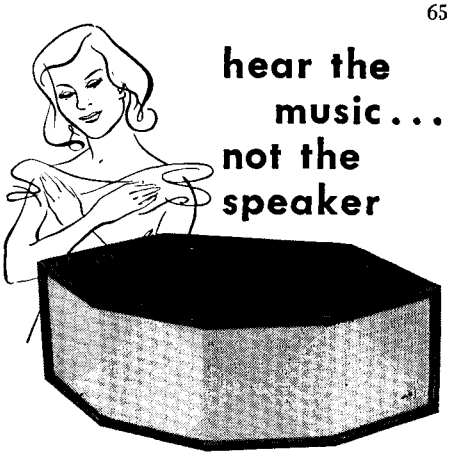

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What Stanley was the very model of (2 wds.; "Pirates of Penzance").	146 152 123 131 175 96 2 164 129 145 113 200
B. A fine Spanish sherry about which Poe wrote a horror tale.	11 150 187 82 33 20 140 179 121 203 54
C. Industrial suburb of Buffalo, N.Y. named for a senator 1899-1911.	13 4 92 172 138
D. Raise the surface of something into protuberances.	85 181 195 46 136 111
E. Dialect word, the reason, cause.	130 90 154 72 78 56 28
F. One who makes sibilant sounds of derision.	168 83 71 30 202 65
G. Old name for Tahiti.	177 66 39 34 174 48 126 29
H. The "business end" of a chastising tool.	155 120 73 44 201 14 36 1
I. Famous in his own profession.	88 104 60 49 157 69 198
J. Unfortunate titular heroine of a Pinero play.	53 127 185 37 124 143 93 68 15
K. Unfortunate heroine who had to wear a humiliating bit of decoration.	134 110 103 76 47 40
L. Small group of stars.	144 183 133 169 108 43 23 16
M. Scandinavians.	95 161 27 42 190 106 41 59
N. Mechanical device for casting out of a cavity in a work table a bit of completed work.	70 115 148 193 184 63 97
O. Stodgy; prim (colloq.).	197 89 178 128 188 12
P. C[illegible]like ornament projecting from round base of a column to the corner of the plinth.	160 98 109 132 62 9
Q. Grossly offensive to modesty or propriety.	87 192 102 137 165 147 19 7
R. Salable.	173 35 158 180 5 142 141 118
S. Where "Custer our hero" was first (3 wds.).	94 153 189 8 58 77 199 22 162 86
T. North Carolina town, provincial capital, 1774, fortified port of the Confederacy (2 wds.).	21 100 176 117 105 79 84
U. Opposite numbers to bridesmaids.	186 18 149 107 80 194 112 64 52
V. Complicated scheming, often with petty and dishonest dealings.	139 32 119 74 99 50 24 166
W. Someone or something which counts for little or nothing among his fellows.	6 61 25 57 101 45 51 167 182
X. One learned in the legends of a people.	10 114 122 67 31 125 26
Y. Certain fluttering poplar (2 wds.).	191 75 151 196 171 116 3 135 163
Z. More nearly resembling youth than middle age.	81 17 38 170 55 159 91 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 H	2 A	3 Y	4 C	■	5 R	6 W	■	7 Q	8 S	9 P	■	10 X	11 B	12 O	13 C	14 H	15 J
■	16 L	17 Z	18 U	19 Q	20 [illegible]	21 T	22 S	■	23 L	24 V	25 W	■	26 X	27 M	28 E	29 G	30 F
■	31 X	32 V	■	33 B	34 G	35 R	■	36 H	37 J	38 Z	39 G	40 K	41 M	■	42 M	43 L	44 H
45 W	46 D	47 K	48 G	49 I	50 V	■	51 W	52 U	53 J	54 B	■	55 Z	56 E	57 W	58 S	59 M	■
60 I	■	61 W	62 P	63 N	64 U	65 F	■	66 G	67 X	68 J	69 I	70 N	71 F	■	72 E	73 H	74 V
75 Y	76 K	■	77 S	78 E	79 T	■	80 U	81 Z	■	82 B	83 F	84 T	85 D	86 S	87 Q	88 I	89 O
90 E	■	91 Z	92 C	93 J	94 S	95 M	96 A	■	97 N	98 P	99 V	100 T	101 W	102 Q	103 K	■	104 I
105 T	106 M	107 U	108 L	109 P	110 K	111 D	■	112 U	113 A	114 X	■	115 N	116 Y	■	117 T	118 R	■
119 V	120 H	121 B	122 X	■	123 A	124 J	125 X	126 G	■	127 J	■	128 O	129 A	130 E	■	131 A	132 P
■	133 L	134 K	135 Y	136 D	137 Q	■	138 C	139 V	140 B	141 R	■	142 R	143 J	144 L	145 A	■	146 A
147 Q	■	148 N	149 U	150 B	151 Y	152 A	153 S	154 E	■	155 H	156 Z	157 I	158 R	■	159 Z	■	160 P
161 M	■	162 S	163 Y	164 A	165 Q	166 V	■	167 W	168 F	169 L	170 Z	■	171 Y	172 C	173 R	174 G	175 A
■	176 T	177 G	178 O	179 B	180 R	■	181 D	182 W	■	183 L	184 N	185 J	186 U	■	187 B	188 O	■
189 S	190 M	191 Y	192 Q	193 N	194 U	■	195 D	196 Y	■	197 O	198 I	199 S	200 A	201 H	202 F	203 B	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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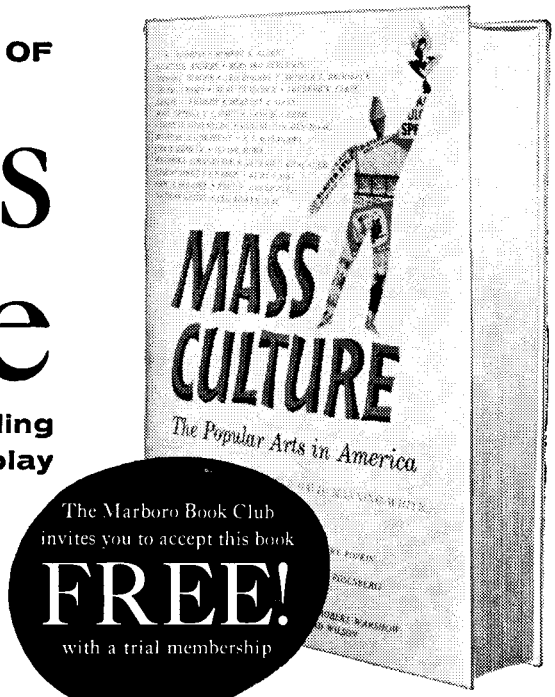

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